

A TRUE
HISTORY

Of several Honourable Families of the
Right Honourable NAME of

SCOT.

In the Shires of Roxburgh and Selkirk, and
others adjacent.

Gathered out of Ancient Chronicles, Histories,
and Traditions of our Fathers.



BY
Capt. *WALTER SCOT,*
An old Souldier, and no Scholler,
And one that can Write nane,
But just the Letters of his Name.

Edinburgh, Printed by the Heir of *Andrew Anderson*, Printer to
His most Sacred Majesty, City and Colledge, 1688.

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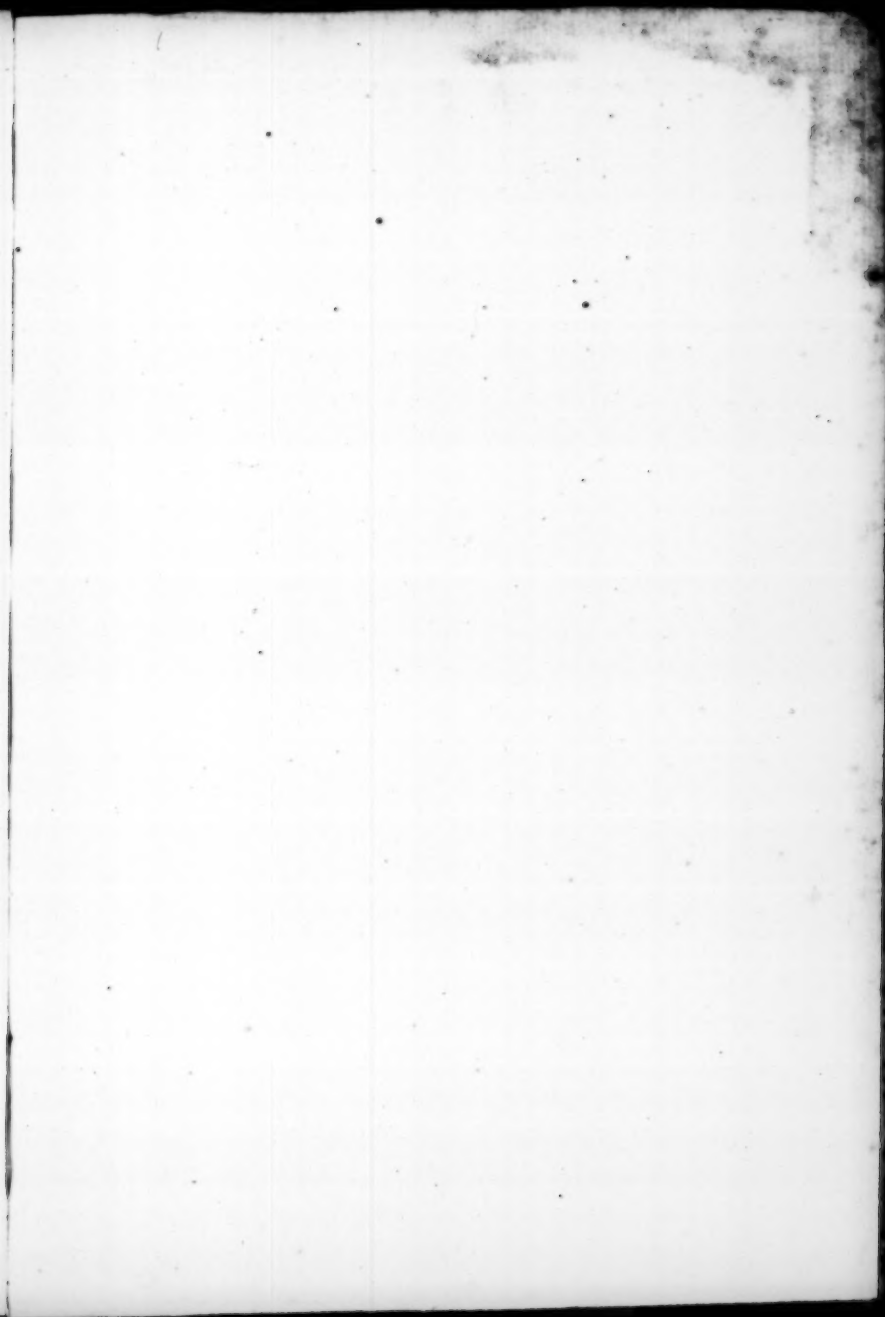
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Scott (Walter), Satchels

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b. 71. d. 18

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To the Right Honourable, and Generous Lord,

JOHN Lord YESTER,

Appearand **EARL of TWEDDALE;**
Sonto *Jean Countess of Tweddale*, who
was Daughter to that Valiant Lord,
Walter Earl of Buckcleugh, Your
Honours worthy Grand-Father.

AS the Graces, the Vertues, the Senses, and the Muses
are embled or alluded to your noble Sect; as all these
have ample residence in your honourable and worthy
Disposition: to whom then but your self, being a per-
son so compleat, should I commit the Patronage of that worthy
Lord, *Walter Earl of Buckcleugh*; and though I an unliterate Soul-
dier, have not apparelled them in such Garments of Elocution,
and ornate Stile, as befits their Honours, and Eminency of the
least part of their excellent Worthiness; Yet, I beseech your
Honour to accept for your own Worth, and their Worthiness;
for if it were not but that I am assured, that your noble Dispo-
sition in all parts is suitable to the in-side of this Book, I should
never have dar'd to dedicate it to your Patronage: as it hath an
honest Intention, so hath your Breast ever been fill'd with such
thoughts, which brings forth worthy Actions; as it is a Whip
or Scourge against all Pride, so have you ever been an unfeigned
lover of courteous Humanity and Humility: I humbly beseech
your Honour, although the method and stile be plain, to be pleas-
ed to give it a favourable Intertainment; for Records and Histories

The Epistle Dedicatory.

do make memorable mention of the diversity of qualities of sundry famous persons, Men and Women, in all the Countries and Regions of the World : How some are remembred for their Piety and Piety, some for Justice, some for Severity, for Learning, Wisdom, Temperance, Constancy, Patience, with all the Virtues Divine and Moral. God who of his infinite Wisdom made Man, of his unmeasured Mercy redeemed him, of his boundless Bounty, immense Power, and eternal Eye of watchful Providence, relieves, guards, and conserves him. It is necessary that every man seriously consider, and ponder these things, and in token of Obedience and Thankfulness, say with *David*, *What shall I render?* &c. Men should consider, why God hath given them a Being in this life? no man is owner of himself. My Age is Seventy three, it is Fifty seven years since I went to *Holland* with your honourable Grand-father, *Walter Earl of Buckleugh*, in the year 1629. I was at that time, not full Sixteen years of Age, or capable to carry Arms in so much a renown'd Regiment or Company, as his Honours was; I was in no more estimation than a Boy, yet waited upon a Gentleman in his Honours own Company; notwithstanding it is known, that I am a Gentleman by Parentage, but my Fathers having dilapidate and engaged their Estate by Cautionry, having many Children, was not in a capacity to educate us at School after the death of my Grand-Father, *Sir Robert Scot of Thirlstone*; my Father living in a highland in *Esdaile-muir*, and having no Rent at that time, nor Means to bring us up, except some Bestial, wherefore in stead of breeding of me at Schools, they put me to attend Beasts in the Field; but I gave them a short cut at last, and left the Kine in the Corn, and went as aforesaid; and ever since that time I have continued a Souldier abroad, and at home, till within these few years that I am become so infirm and decip'd with the Gout, which hath so unabled me, that I am not able, neither to do the King, nor my self Service; so this being entred into my consideration, it is sufficiently known, that

The Epistle Dedicatory.

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that my intention and meaning was not to make any Profit to my self; for I know, I do but little deserve, by reason I could never write a Line in my life; neither will my ability keep one to Write to me; and I living two or three Mile from a School; yet is constrain'd by my own wilful Will, sometimes to hire one School-boy, and sometimes another, yet knows not whether they can spell true Scots or not, by reason I cannot read their Hand, and there is none by me that can, for many times the Writer mistakes the Word from my deliverance; Therefore I hope your Honour will excuse the failing of my unlearned Muse.

*Seek then Heavens Kingdom, and things that are right,
And all things else shall be upon thee cast;
Holy days of Joy shall never turn to night,
Thy blessed State shall everlasting last.
Live still as ever in thy Makers sight,
And let Repentance purge your Vices past.
Remember you must drink of Death's sharp Cup,
And of your Stewardship account give up.
Had you the Beauty of fair Absalom,
Or did your Strength like strength of Sampson pass;
Or could your Wisdom match wise Solomon,
Or might your Riches Cræsus Wealth surpass:
Or were your Pomp beyond great Babylon,
The proudest Monarchy that ever was;
Yet Beauty, Wisdom, Riches, Strength, and State,
Age, Death, and Time, will spoil and ruine it.
Health, Happiness, and all Felicity,
Unto the end may your attendance be.*

Your Honours most obedient,
humble and devoted Servant,
WALTER SCOT.

I wish true Honour still may be preserv'd ;
For many gets Honour that n'ere does deserv't ;
The valiant Earl of Buckleugh, when I was young,
To the Bush in Brabant with his Regiment came,
Which is the space of fifty nine years agoe,
I saw him in his Arms appear,
Which was on the sixteen hundred and twenty seven year ;
That worthy Earl his Regiment was so rare,
All Hollands Leagure could not with them compare ;
Like Hannibal, that noble Earl he stood,
To the great effusion of his precious Blood ;
The Town was tane with a great loss of men,
To the States of Holland from the King of Spain !
His Honours praise, throughout all Nations sprung,
Born on the wings of Fame that he was Mars's Son,
The very Son of Mars, which furrowed Neptunes brow ;
And over the dangerous deep undauntedly did plow.
He did esteem his Countries honour more,
Than Life and Pelf which Peasants does adore :
His noble Ancestors their Memories
Are born on wings of Fame, as far as Titans rise ;
And universally they are divulg'd from thence,
Through the circle of all Europes circumference ;
Let their example be a Spur to you,
That you their worthy Vertues may pursue.
They were brave men, I wish ye be so still,
They had good Courage guided with good Skill,
Which Skill and Courage, Fortune, Grace, and Will,
I do beseech the Almighty to bestow
On you their Off-spring all, both high and low ;
Time hath recorded Buckleughs matchless force,
By Sea or Land with valiant Foot or Horse ;

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He made France tremble, and Spain to quake;
 The foundation of Brabant they made shake:
 And as true valour did inspire their breasts,
 So victory and honour crown'd their crests,
 Of both Walter Lord, and Walter Earl;
 In the Netherlands they did so much prevail,
 I wish your good intention may contain,
 And you may be like them in every thing;
 That as your Parents are, so you may be
 Rare patterns unto your Posteritie.

That all your foes with terror now may know,
 Some Branches of Buckleuch has beat them so;
 True Honour, Fame and Victory attend you,
 And great Jehovah in your just cause defend you;
 That immortality your Fames may Crown,
 And God may have the Glory and Renown.

When brave Earl Walter he was dead and gone,
 He left his son Earl Francis in his room;
 Who married when he was but young,
 Before he came to perfection;
 His Age was twenty years and five,
 When death depriv'd him of his life;
 His Familie they were but twain,
 He left them in the Mothers keeping;
 So by experience we see every day,
 That bad things do increase, and good things do decay;
 And vertue with much care from vertue breeds,
 Vice freely springs from vice, like stinking weeds.
Sardanapulus King of Babylon,
 Was to his Concubine such a Companion,
 That he in their attire, did show, and sign,
 An exercise unfitting for a King:

These, and a number more his fancy fed,
To compass which his shifts were manifold;
A bull, a ram, a swan, a shour of Gold,
To dreadful thunder, and consuming fire,
And all to quench his inward flames desire:
Apollo turn'd fair Daphne into bay,
Because she from his lust did flee away;
He loved his Hiacinth, and his Loronis,
As fervently as Venus and Adonis;
So much he from his god-head did decline,
That for a Wench he kept Dametus kine;
And many other gods have gone astray,
If all be true, which Ovids books doth say;
Thus to fulfill their lusts, and win their Trulls,
We see that these ungodly gods were Gulls;
The mighty Captain of the Mermidons,
Being captived to these base passions,
Met an untimely unexpected slaughter;
For fair Pollixena, King Priamus's daughter;
Lucretius rape was Torquins overthrow,
Shame often payes the debt that sin doth ow;
What Philomela lost; and Tyrus won,
It caus'd the lustful Father eat his Son;
In this vice Nero took such beastly joy,
He married was to Sperus a young boy;
And Piriander was with Lust so fed,
He with Melista lay when she was dead,
Pigmalion with an Image made of stone
Did love and lodge, I'll rather ly alone;
Aristophanes joyn'd in love would be,
To Asneas, but what an asse was he;
A Roman Appius did in Goal abide
For love of fair Virginia, where he dyed;

That

That second Henry aged childish fond
 On the fair feature of fair Rosamond;
 That it rais'd most unnatural hateful strife,
 Betwixt Himself, his Children and his Wife;
 The end of which was, that the jealous Queen,
 Did poyson Rosamond in furious spleen;
 The fourth English King Edward lower did descend,
 He to a Gold-smiths wife his love did bend,
 This suggred sin hath been so general,
 That it hath made the strongest Champions fall,
 For Sicheu ravish'd Dina; for which deed,
 A number of the Sicheumites did bleed;
 And Sampson the prime of manly strength,
 By Dalila was overcome at length:
 King David frailly fell, and felt the pain,
 And with much sorrow was restor'd again.
 Though Saul his foe he no way would offend,
 Yet this sin made him kill his loyal friend;
 A man with Thamar incest did commit,
 And Absalom depriv'd his life for it.
 And Solomon allow'd most royal means,
 To keep three hundred Concubines,
 By whose means to Idolatry he fell,
 Almost as low, as to the gate of Hell;
 At last repenting, he made declaration,
 That all was vanity, and spirits vexation;
 Abundance of examples men may find,
 Of Kings and Princes to this vice inclin'd,
 Which is no way for meaner men to go;
 Because their betters often wandred so:
 For they were plagu'd of God, and so shall we,
 Much more, if of their sin we partners be.

To shew what women have been plunged in,
 The bottomless abyss of this sweet sin;
 There are examples of them infinit,;
 Which I he're mean to read, much less to writ,
 To please the Reader, though I'll set down some,
 As they unto my memory do come.

*Now I leave the Familie, and return again to brave Lord Walter,
 and his Son Walter Earl in Scotland, where these worthy Lords
 were born.*

Lord of Buckleuch into the Scots border
 Was high Lord Warden, to keep them in good order;
 On that border was the Armstrangs able men,
 Somewhat unruly, and very ill to tame;
 I would have none think that I call them Thieves;
 For if I did, it would be arrant lies;
 For all Frontiers, and Borders, I observe;
 Where-ever they ly, are Free-booters,
 And does the enemy much more harms,
 Than five thousand marshal-men in arms;
 The Free-booters venture both Life and Limb,
 Good wife, and bairn, and every other thing;
 He must do so, or else must starve and die;
 For all his lively-hood comes of the-Enemie:
 His Substance, Being, and his House most tight,
 Yet he may chance to loss all in a night;
 Being driven to poverty, he must needs a Free-booter be,
 Yet for vulgar Calumnies there is no remedie:
 An arrant liar calls a Free-booter a Thief,
 A free-booter may be many a mans relief:
 A free-booter will offer no man wrong,
 Nor will take none at any hand;

He

He spoils more Enemies now and then,
 Than many hundreds of your marshal-men:
 Near to a Border Frontier in time of War,
 There ne're a man but he's a free-booter:
 Where fainting fazard dare not show their face;
 And calls their off-spring Thieves to their disgrace;
 These are Serpents Spirits, and vulgar Slaves,
 That slanders Worthies sleeping in their Graves.
 But if forty Countrey-men had such rascalls in bogs,
 They'd make them run like feltered foals from dogs;
 The Scot and Ker the mid Border did possess,
 The Humes posselt the East, and the Johnstons the West,
 With their adjacent neighbours, put the English to more pains,
 Nor half the North, and all three Louthians:
 Yet with the Free-booters I have not done,
 I must have another sling at him,
 Because to all men it may appear,
 The Free-booter he is a Volunteer;
 In the Muster-rolls he has no desire to stay,
 He lives by Purchase, he gets no Pay:
 King Richard the second of England sent,
 A great Army well arm'd into Scotland,
 Through Cumberland they came by his Command,
 And ordain'd to cross the River at Solway Sand.
 In Scotland King Robert Stuart the first did reign,
 Yet had no intelligence of their coming;
 The Free-booters there they did convene,
 To the number of, four or five hundred Men:
 In ambush these Volunteers lay down,
 And waited whilst the Army came;
 At a cross strait place, there they did stay,
 Where they knew the English could not get by-way;

And

And when they came the ambush nigh,
They rose with clamours and shouting high :
Which terrified the English-men,
That they drown'd most part in Solway-Sand :
It's most clear, a Free-booter doth live in hazards train,
A Free-booters a Caveleer that ventures Life for Gain:
But since King James the sixt to England went,
There has been no cause of grief,
And he that hath transgressed since then,
Is no Free-booter, but a Thief.

In Queen Elizabeths reign she kept a strong Garison,
At Carlile, that Sink-port,
Of Horse and Foot, a thousand men compleat,
The Governour was the Lord Scroup,
It fell about the Martinmas, when Kine was in the prime;
Then Kinment Willy, and his Friends, they did to England run:
Oxen and Kine they brought a Prey out of Northumberland,
Five and fiftie in a drift, to Canninbie in Scotland :
The Owners pitifully cry'd out they were undone,
Then to the Governour they came, and seriously did complain:
The Lord Scroup heard their whole complaint,
And bade them go home again, and no more lament,
For before the Sun did rise or set,
He should be reveng'd on Kinment :
Anone he charged the Trumpeters, they should sound Booty-fadle,
Just at that time the Moon was in her prime,
He needed no Torch-light:
Lord Scroup he did to Scotland come ;
Took Kinment the self same night :
If he had had but ten men more, that had been as stout as he,
Lord Scroup had not the Kinment tane with all his Company;
But Kinment being Prisoner, Lord Scroup he had him tane,
In Carlile Castle he him laid, in irons and fetters strong:
Then scornfully Lord Scroup did say,

In

In this Castle thou must ly,
Before thou goest away, thou must
Even take thy leave of me ;
He mean'd that he should suffer death before he went away,
By the Cross of my Sword says Willy then,
I'll take my leave of thee,
Before e're I go away, whether I live or die ;
These News came furth to bold Buckcleugh,
Lord Warden at that time,
How Lord Scroup Carlilles Governour
Had Kinment Willy tane ;
Is it that way Buckcleugh did say,
Lord Scroup must understand,
That he has not only done me wrong,
But my Sovereign James of Scotland :
My Sovereign Lord King of Scotland
Thinks not his Cousin Queen,
Will offer to Invade his Land,
Without leave asked and given ;
Thou stole into my Masters Land,
Which is within my Command,
And in a plundering hostile way,
I'll let thee understand ;
Before Day-light came thou stole a man,
And like a Thief thou run away ;
This Letter came to Lord Scroups hand,
Which from Buckcleugh was sent,
Charging him then to release Kinment,
Or else he should repent ;
Scotland is not a fitting part,
I suppose England is the same ;
But if thou carry a valiant heart, I'll fight thee in Holland ;
There

There thou and I may both be free, which of us wins the day,
And be no cause of Mutiny, nor Invasions prey;
Our Princes rare will not compare for dignity and fame,
It nothing doth transgress their Laws what we do in Holland:
This Message by a Drummer sent,
To the Governour Lord Scroup,
A frivolous Answer he returned,
Which made bold Buckleugh to doubt;
That he must into Carlisle ride,
And fetch the Kinment out,
The Armstrong was a hardy Name
Into their own Country;
But like Clim of the Cleugh and little John,
On England they did prey,
Kinments surname was Armstrong,
He from Giltknocky sprang;
But Mengertoun he was the chief
Of the Name of Armstrong,
It was not for their own respects,
That Buckleugh turned their Guardian;
It was for the honour of Scotland,
By reason he was Lord Warden;
He stormed that any should presume
To enter the Scots border,
Either Cornish, Irish, English, Welch,
Unless they had his Order;
If he had known when Lord Scroup did appear,
To enter the Scots-ground, he had call'd up his Rear;
But since he mist him in all Scotlands bounds,
In England he gave him sowre Pears for Plums.

Here

*Here follows how the Lord Buckcleugh affronts the Lord Scroup;
first by Letters, and then by taking him prisoner out of the Castle of
Carlisle by a Stratagem.*

THus being vext, he shew the Friends of the Name,
How the Lord Scroup had Willy Kinment tane;
And said, if they would but take part with him,
He knew a way to bring him back again;
To which Demand they presently did conclude,
They would serve his Honour to the last drop of their blood:
For certainty did prov'd to be a truth,
He'll still be call'd the good Lord of Buckcleugh;
His Friends advice that he desir'd to know,
Was Howpassly, Thirlstone, Bonnitoun, and Tushilaw,
And Gaudilands his Uncles son,
With Whitflade, Headshaw and Sinton,
And Gilbert Elliot he was not of his Name,
But was his Honours Cousin-german;
Those Gentlemen in Vote did all agree,
Five hundred to march in his Honours Company;
He thank'd them for their Vote, and said, that must not be,
Pick me out chosen men, no more but thirty three;
At Thirlston his Brethren they did begin,
They being the first Cousin-german,
Both Walter and William was there in brief,
And presented their Service unto their Chief;
Then Tushilaw did follow them,
And sent his two sons James and John,
With Mr. Arthur Scot of Newburgh,
And Robert Scot of Gilmarcleugh,
Bowhill his brother William did thither come,
And John Scot brother to Bonnitoun;

So did William of Haining, a valiant Squire,
And William Scot of Hartwoodmire,
And William of Midgap came theretill,
He was Grandfir to this Laird of Horslyhill ;
Walter of Diphope a Mettal-mah,
And John of Middlestead together came ;
Robert of Huntly he did not fail,
He came with the Scots of the Water of Ail ;
So did Walter of Todrig that well could ride,
And Robert Scot brother to Whitflade,
Andrew of Sallinside he was one,
With James of Kirkhouse, and Askirks John ;
Robert of Headshaw himself would gang,
He was his Honours Cousin-german ;
Sinton and Wall, they stay'd at home,
Kirkhouse and Askirk went in their room ;
Because it was my Lord's decree,
But younger Brethren they all should be ;
Some stout and valiant able men,
They would not stay at home, -
And some related to my Lord they needs would go along,
Although my Lord to Friends had letten't fall,
He would not have a Landed man at all ;
Yet valiant men they would not bide,
As appeared by Hardin, Stobs, and Commonside ;
They counted not their Lives and Lands so dear,
As the los of the least Title of their Chief's honour.
But now I come for to explain,
The rest of these three and thirty men ;
Satchells and Burnfoot they cross'd these Strands,
With Burnfoot in Tiviot and Gaudilands,
Hardin and Stobs before I did name,

Now

Now follows Howfoord and Robertoun,
 Howpassly he sent out his Brother,
 And Allan-haugh sent out another;
 Clack and Alton did both accord,
 To present their Service unto my Lord;
 Hassenden came without a call,
 The antientest House among them all;
 Thus I have gone through with pain,
 To reckon the three and thirty men;
 These Gentlemen were all Scots,
 Except Gilbert Elliot of the Stobs,
 Which was a valiant Gentleman,
 And as said before my Lord's Cousin-german;
 These Gentlemen did all convene,
 At Brankfom-gate his Honour to attend;
 They neither knew the Cause, nor what the Cause might be;
 Before they came the length of Netherbie;
 Although his Honours trusty Friend did ken,
 Both some that went with him, and some that stay'd at home;
 They had it on Parol under great Secrecy,
 And to reveal t was worse than Infamy;
 When it pleas'd my Lord to ride, no man did know,
 What his Intention was, and whither he did go;
 Except his Counsellors, Knights, and Gentlemen of Fame,
 Which passed not above seven or eight in all the Name;
 Where-ever he went, he had one or two of them,
 And for the rest he let them nothing ken.

But now for to proceed without delay,
 Buckleugh from Brankfom took the way,
 Through the Woods of Esk in a full Carrier went he,
 To the Woodhouseleys which is near to Netherbie;
 And there a while continued he.

He brought Wrights along in his Company;
And caused them Scaling-ladders make,
Although the Wrights knew not for what;
Both artificial, long and strong,
There was six Horsemen to carry them along;
In a high Carrier my Lord did ride,
To the Woodhoullies on the Border-side;
For Netherbie is in English ground,
But the Woodhoullies is in Scotland;
There is a long Mile them between,
Divided by the River of Esk her furious Streams;
My Lord caused raise a vulgar report,
That he was only come to hold a Justice-Court;
Which caused Fugitives to flee,
Unto the Woods and Mountains high;
And for the Ladders tight and tall,
Was made for the Towers of Brankfom-hall;
Though it was made long and strong and most compleat,
To reach Carelisses Castles Battlement;
Such excuses there was for every thing,
But for's Honours intention there was no din;
Most privatly he his course did steer,
About Christmase, the hinder end of the year:
The day was past before the Wrights had done,
Then it was long eight Mile to Carelisse Town;
The Way was deep, and the Water was strong,
And the Ladder was fifty Foot long;
The Firmament was dark, the gods was not in place,
Then Madam Night did show her ebon'd face;
Luna in sable Mantle her course did steer,
And Jupiter he no way did appear;
Then scorching Sol, he was gone to his rest,

And

And Titan had tane lodging in the VVest;
 Saturn he did rule into that strain,
 Mars and Venus under Cloud remain'd;
 Joves Thunder-bolts in Skies did not appear,
 Juno mask'd in a Fog, the Night was no ways clear,
 But yet his Honour he did no longer bide,
 But paced throughout the Muir to the River Edin-side;
 Near the Stonish-bank my Lord a time did stay,
 And left the one half of his Company,
 For fear they had made noise or din,
 Near the Castle they should come,
 The River was in no great rage,
 They cross'd near half a Mile below the Bridge;
 Then along the Sands with no noise at all,
 They come close under the Castle-wall;
 Then masked Midnight slowness did keep,
 And mortal Eyes was inclined to sleep;
 Immediately they did their Ladder plant,
 Which reach'd the Castles Battlement;
 Then up the Ladder they reer but doubt,
 And broke a sheet of Leid on the Castle-top,
 A passage made, and in they came,
 The Cape-house-door they burst in twain;
 Then down the Stairs they come amain,
 Where Kinment fettered lay within,
 Then with Fore-hammers Doors they broke down,
 Amazing the Lord Scroup, and all his Garison;
 They hors'd Kinment with his Bolts upon a strong mans back,
 And to the Castle-top in the Ladder they did him set,
 The Wardens Trumpets did most sweetly sound,
 Which put the Garison in a fear,
 That all Scotland was come;

The Governour thought the Castle had been gone,
He intended for to run and surely to save none;
Then Kinment said, when first here I did come,
Lord Scroup engaged me to take leave of him;
Then with a turning voice he did cry out;
Farewell, farewell, to my good Lord Scroup,
Which terrified the English more,
By an hundred times than they were before;
Then down the Ladder in haste they Willy gat,
And set him Saddle-aside upon a Horses back;
Mean time the Trumpets founded, Come if ye dare,
They were the last men that came down the VVooden-stair,
They mounted all with speed, and safely did return
The self same way they formerly did come;
They observ'd neither File nor Rank,
They met with the rest of their Party at Stericks-bank;
Carlisles Dark-muir they did pass through,
There was never a man did them pursue,
To Lines-water they come with speed,
Then past the Muirs on the other side;
Then Kinment VVilly cry'd out with pain,
And said his Irons had him undone,
The which to his Legs stuck like Burs,
He never before rode with such large Spurs;
They stayed for no Smith on the English-ground,
At Canninbie they arrived into Scotland;
VVithout loss or hurt to any man,
At Canninbie a Smith they fand;
By that time Aurora did appear,
Then bright Phoebus spread her Beams most clear;
The Smith on haste was set to work,
And fyl'd the Irons off VVilly Kinment;

Yet

Yet Kinment VVillie durst not stay at home,
But to Branksome Place, he with his Honor came.

The Lord Scroup afrighted, he did to London hie,
And to Elizabeth his Queen, he form'd many a lie;
And that how King James the sixth of Scotland then
Sent to assault her Castle with an host of Men;

VVhich put her Garison in a terrible fear,
And the villain Kinment VVilly carried away clear;
Such numbers broke in at the Castle top,
And brought Kinment VVilly out of the Pit:

He told the Queen, he thought to flee in haste,
The City could not stand, the Castle being lost;

The vulgar being amazed in such a sort,
It was bright day or he durst open the Port:

They had left the Ladder standing at the VVall:
But in haste they were returned to Scotland all:

VVherefore in sign and token of my Loyalty,
I here complain of Scotlands villany,

And especially of that desperat youth,
The Scots VVarden, he's call'd, Lord of Buckcleugh:

The Queen caus'd her Council to convene,
And shew them how Carlisles Garison,

Late by the Scots she was affronted,
For they on her Castle were high mounted:

And broke in at the very top,
And reliev'd Kinment from the Pit,

The Queen and her Council did command,
A Messenger to pass into Scotland:

To ask King James what was his reason;
In a hostile way to assault the Garison:

VVith such an host of men of war,
And fetcht away her Prisoner:

The King the Message soon did understand,
 And shew his Cusin the Queen of England,
 He then desired her Majesty,
 She would be pleased and satisfied,
 And understand how things are come and gone,
 VVhich of the Nations hath done other wrong:
 To make her self the Judge, He was content,
 And according to their merits she should give out Judgement:
 For on his Royal VVord he did explain,
 Scroup was first faultier to the Scots Nation:
 Lord Scroup he did begin to that effect,
 To invade our Land, and imprison our Subjects:
 VVith three hundred horse to come into our Land,
 VVithout leave of Our VVarden, or any of our command:
 A very insolent act against our Crown and Dignity,
 By the Law of Arms, he doth deserve to dy:
 Our stout Lord VVarden not being in place,
 Though Scroup much wrong'd our Nation, and did him disgrace;
 It seems he did appeale him privatly to fight,
 But like a Coward he did his Challenge slight:
 And so without Our order, he went out,
 To be reveng'd upon the base Lord Scroup:
 No more but sixteen men to Carlisle came,
 And gave alarm to Castle and the Town,
 VVherein a thousand did remain,
 Your Majesty may think he was a stout Captain,
 Our Prisoner he did but relieve again,
 And none of your Subjects either hurt or slain:
 VVe think his valour merits some reward,
 That of your Towers and Castles no way was afraid;
 VVe think your Governour deserves both lack and shame,
 That suffered sixteen men your Prisoner to gain:

That

That Governour is not a Souldier stout,
 Who being a thousand strong, and durst not ventur out :
 VVith Letters to such purpose the Messenger did return,
 And expressly shew the Queen, she being at London,
 Her Council did conveen, and the Decree gave out,
 That Scroup was all the blame of the passage went about :
 The English Council call'd Buckcleugh a man compleat,
 VVhich did merit honour, he must be of a Heroick Spirit :
 Both King and Council founded his Commendation,
 VVishing for many such within their English Nation :
 Such praises made the Queen her Royal Majesty,
 Be most desirous that bold Buckcleugh to see.
 The Queen wrot to King James,
 All the whole and sole truth,
 VVith a fervent desire to see the Lord Buckcleugh,
 The King sent for Buckcleugh, and to him did unfold,
 Shewing him, he must go see
 His Cusin, Queen of England :
 Buckcleugh did yeeld to venture Life and Land,
 And do whatever the King did him command :
 A certain time the King did him confer,
 And shew he was a Free-man, and no Prisoner ;
 You with your Servants had best go there by Land,
 For all you have to do, it's to kiss our Cusins hand :
 The fixed day when that my Lord should go,
 Was in the Month of March, when husband men corn sow ;
 A rumor rose, and spread through the whole Country,
 How the Lord Buckcleugh he must at London dy ;
 Upon the fixed day his Honour went,
 Which caused many hundreds to lament ;
 Which said alas ! they were undone,
 And fear'd my Lord should ne're return again ;

The whole Name of Scot, and all his Friends about,
Maxwel and Johnston conveyed him out;
The Humes came from the Merfs,
And in Ednem-Haugh did bide;
A thousand Gentlemen conveyed him over Tweed;
They put him to Flowden Field,
The length of Scotlands ground;
And there took leave, and back again return'd;
Toward London Rode, they did themselves apply,
Thirlston, Sir Robert Scot bear his Honour company;
No more there past with his Honor along,
But three Domestick Servants, and Sir Robert Scot had one:
The day being Tuesday, twenty four myle they wan,
And lodged in Morpeth, into Northumberland,
On Wedensday twenty four myles they came,
Into the Principality of Durham;
On Thursday they their Course did steer,
Thirty four myles to Borrow-bridge in York-shire,
On Friday to Duncaster his Honor bade;
Twenty eight myle that day he no less rade:
To view the Town, his Honor did desire,
It being within the County of York-shire;
For as men pass along the Road,
York-shire is sixty six myles broad,
On Saturday, twenty eight myle he went,
To New-wark Town that stands upon Trent,
And all the Sabbath his Honor did remain,
The Town lyes in the County of Notingham;
On Munday he his Course did steer,
Twenty six myles to Stenfoord in Lincoln-shire,
On Tuesday twenty short myle he came,
To the Town and Shire called Huntingtoun,

On

On Wednesday his Honor did fare,
 Twenty nine myles to Ware in Hartford-shire,
 On Thursday he did go betwixt,
 Ware and Troynovent in Middlesex,
 Troynovent was the antient Name;
 King Lud brought it to be call'd London,
 He did not sooner London gain,
 Till it was noised among the English-men,
 They run in flocks, and did on's Honor gaze,
 As he had been the Monster slain by Hercules,
 The People to their Neighbours did cry out,
 Come let us go, and see that valiant Scot:
 Which out of Carlisle stoutly took,
 Kinment in spight of our Lord Scroup,
 In Carlisle Kinment did remain,
 Whilst this Scot fetcht him out, and had but sixteen men,
 At London Kinment Willy his name was better known,
 Nor it was in the Border-side where his Fore-fathers were born:
 But now for to conclude within a little time,
 The good Lord of Buckleugh to the English Court did win;
 That valiant Cavalier he came with such a Grace,
 The English Wardens usher'd him to the Presence;
 Notice came to the Queen, that bold Buckleugh was there,
 Then she left her Privat Chamber, and in Presence did appear;
 The Queen in modesty, a Complement did frame,
 Desiring to know the health of his Master,
 Her Cousin good King James,
 A sign of War to me appears, and makes great variance;
 Amongst such Blades who do invade,
 And become League-breakers,
 Since ye intrude within Our Border,
 And did assault Our Garison;

And Kinment reliev'd without order ;
Ye make but a scar-crow of Englands Queen,
I thought my Cusin James yet King,
Should never done his Friend such wrong,
But this I leave to another time ;
He may repent or it be long.

Buckleughs Speech.

Then bold Buckcleugh spoke forth the Truth ;
And to the Queen he did declare :
His Master Scotlands King was free of every thing,
It is your Majesty that makes all the Jars ;
Your Majesty did Order give,
As it appears, the Lord Scroup lately said,
That with three hundred horse he would march North,
My Masters Kingdom to invade ;
And took His Subjects there Captive,
This will appear to be a wrong,
And in Carlisle kept him in bondage,
Where he laid him into Fetters strong,
Whilst I have Life, or any Strength :
I'll fight for my Masters Dignity,
His captive Subjects to relieve,
By truth it shall not fail in me :
My Royal Master, and Dread Sovereign,
I am His Majesties Subject born,
And to none other Prince but He,
To the Oath of Alledgeance I'll be sworn :
Wherever His Subjects are Prisoners tane,
If I can relieve them, they shall not remain,
I never thought of such a Lawless Act,
To invade your Nation, and your Subjects take ;

If I had done, your Majesty had storm'd,
 But unlawful tane, unlawful he return'd,
 VVhen any of your Subjects unlawfully broke out,
 I never did intrude like your Governour Lord Scroup,
 But to your VVardens I did still complain,
 Who sent me his Malefactor, I sent him mine again.

The Queens Answer.

THe Queen she lent attentive ear,
 And of his Honours Courage she did much admire,
 My Lord, she said, your Speech I'll keep in mind,
 And answer you at some other time,
 But neither at Court, nor Council ye shall appear,
 For I conceive you're a resolute Cavalier:
 At Channel-hall your Lodging shall be there,
 Then through our privy-garden to court ye may repair;
 For your Disport when to the Court ye come,
 Peruse our Library, either even or morn,
 At your own pleasure what time so e're it be,
 And for your clearer passage ye shall have a privat Keye,
 Except our Counsellors and Officers in charge,
 We do not grant to any, but your merits do deserve,
 Thrice worthy Lord your merits do proclaim,
 How Honours noble mark is still your aim;
 And to attain the which thou holds thy hands to study;
 That thy deserts by Fame has won thee gain already,
 Industrious Loyalty doth use, and all men tell,
 To aim at Honour it levels very well,
 And in your trusty Service shot compleat,
 That in the end he's sure have hit the white;
 Let Fortune frown or smile ye are content,
 At all Essays to bear a heart true bent,

Though

Though Sin and Hell work Mortals to betray,
Against their malice God hath arm'd thy way :
When Life and Land, and all away is fled,
Yet thy noble Actions is much honoured,
Thy loyal Service to thy King doth prove,
That to thy Country thy heart is joyn'd in love ;
Love is a dying life, a living death,
A vapour, shaddow, a bubble, and a breath ;
An idle bable, and a poultreys toy,
Whose greatest pattern is a blinded boy,
When Fortune, Love and Death their task hath done,
Fame makes our life through many Ages run,
For be our Actions good or ill,
Fame keeps a Record of our doings still :
By Fame great Julius Cesar ever lives,
And Fame infamous life to Nero gives :
Those that scapes Fortune and extreame of Love,
Unto their longest homes by Death are driven,
When Cesar, Cesar Subjects, objects most,
Be all alike consumed to dirt and dust,
Death endeth all our Cares, or Cares increase,
It sends us into lasting pain or blefs.

Awake, awake my Muse, thou sleepest too long,
To bold Buckcleugh again I will return,
Expressing of the time that he did there resort,
And his Intertainment at the English-court,
For Banquets, he had store, and that most free,
Each day by some of their Nobilitie,
His attendance was by Nobles there,
As he had been a Prince late come from far,
The North-countrie English could not be at rest,
While the Scots-warden came to be their Guest.

Six Weeks at Court continued he,
 Still feasted with their Nobilitie;
 To the Queens Majestie he made redress,
 When she would be pleased he should go from hence,
 The Queen was mute, and let the question slide,
 Yet wished that he might there abide;
 But yet the King of Scots she had no mind to wrong,
 By reason that he was her Royal dear Cousin,
 To whom she hop'd to prove as kind,
 As Mother might do, to please his mind;
 What Misses are past, we do declare,
 Your King our Cousin will us repair,
 Your Master our Cousin and we will agree,
 We have already acquainted his Majestie;
 But, my Lord, if you will here remain,
 Or if ye will return again,
 At your Masters hands we'll get you free,
 And here you shall have a Sallarie.
 He humbly thank'd her Majestie,
 Showing the Queen that could not be,
 For he had Service in Holland,
 And was bound to obey his Masters commands;
 It was too much to be bound to three,
 So beg'd that he might pardoned be.
 The Queen answer'd, my Lord, since it is so,
 Ye shall be dispatch'd within a day or two,
 And a Letter ye shall carrie along with thee
 To our Cousin of Scotlands Majestie,
 Wherein your heroick Spirit we must commend,
 And intend hereafter to be your friend;
 Next day she call'd her Secretar,
 And charged him a Letter to prepare,

To

To his Majesties King of Scotland,
 Wherein she lets him understand,
 She had past from her former wrong,
 By reason Buckcleugh was a valiant man.
 Cesar and Tammerlan were valiant men, that's plain,
 But in their own person they ventured not like him,
 Regulus and Schipio was short of him against their foe,
 Most stout Buckcleugh with his small train,
 Scal'd a Castle, and had but sixteen men,
 And brought a prisoner with him along,
 That was bound in Chains and Irons most strong,
 Mounts to the Castle top so high,
 And cliverly brought him away,
 Yet a thousand men there was within,
 Of Horse and Foot in the Garison,
 Although it did us much offend,
 Yet his Courage we must commend;
 The Queen to him the Letter gave,
 And pleasantly she took her leave,
 Wishing him a good Journey home,
 In hopes no more her Castle he'd storm.
 Now I not intend for to set down,
 How that his Honour returned home;
 But James the sixth that gracious King,
 Was well content of his home coming.

Now follows the Antiquity of the Name of Scot.

Since from all danger Buckcleugh was free,
 I must speak something of his Familie,
 That Lord Buckcleugh his Fame spread far,
 Call'd Walter Lord Scot of Whitcheſter;
 Some late start-up bran-new Gentlemen,

That

That hardly knows from whence their Fathers came,
 Except from red nos'd Robin,
 Or Trail, Wallet, countrey Tom,
 The sons of Cannongate Befs,
 That well could play her Game;
 Whose labouring heads as great as any house,
 These calumnizing Fellows can stagger stare and shame,
 And swear the name of Scot is but a new com'd Name,
 These new cornuted Gentlemen, why should they lie,
 Mr. George Buchannan and Hector Boetius can let them see,
 A thousand years, if I do not forget,
 By Chronicles I'll prove the Name of *Scot*.
 In King Achaius time that worthy Prince,
 John and Clement Scots they went to France,
 In Paris they at first began,
 In Charles the great his time,
 To instruct the Christian Religion,
 And there a Colledge they did frame,
 Which doth remain unto this very time;
 And he that doth not believe me,
 Must read Buchannan, and he shall see;
 Some other Authors I could give in,
 But these are sufficient to them that's not blind;
 Some says, they were not Scots to their Name,
 But only Scots by Nation,
 Yet Monks of Melrofs they were known,
 Which then was in the Picts Kingdom.
 John Earl of Channerth surnamed Scot,
 To die without Succession was his unfortunate lot:
 Brave Alexander the first, a King both stout and good,
 John Earl of Channerth married with his royal blood,
 Before Alexander the first his Brother Edgar did reign,

E

The

The first that was anointed of Scotland King;
Reverend John Scot he did surmount,
Who was Bishop Dumblane, and did the King anoint:
Mr. Michael Scot that read the Epistle at Rome,
He was in King Alexander the second's Reign,
Thomas Lermont was first his man,
That was called the Rymer ever since then;
And if my Author doeth speak truth,
Mr. Michael was descended from Buckcleugh;
And if my Author ye would know,
Bishop Spotswoods Book these Scots do show:
How can these randy Liars then,
Make the Scots to be a start-up Clan,
Sure new start-ups themselves must be,
For ancient Families scorns to lie:
But for the Antiquity of the *Scots*,
There's one thing I have almost forgot,
Which is not worthy of nomination,
Yet to mark Antiquity, I'll make relation;
In the second Session of King Davids Parliament,
There was a Statute made, which is yet extant,
That no man should presume to buy or sell,
With Highland men or *Scots* of Ewisdale;
Yet Ewisdale was not near the Forrest,
Where brave Buckcleugh did dwell,
According to the old Proverb,
They but fell from the Wains tail,
But when these *Scots* did bear that stile,
King David resided in Carlisle,
Without and in fang they disturb'd his Court,
Which caus'd the King that Act set out:
Here I speak nought but truth, all Men may note,

The very true Antiquity of the Name of *Scot*,
And now my versing Muse craves some repose,
And while she sleeps, I'll spout a little prose.

Kenneth the second King of *Scots*, Son to King *Alpin*, who was Son to brave King *Achais* forsaide, who made the League with *Charles* the Great Emperour of *Germany*, and King of *France*, the year seven hundreth eighty seven; This King *Kenneth* called the Great conquered the Kingdom of the *Picts*, about the year of Grace eight hundred and thirty nine, and joyn'd the Kingdom of *Picts* unto the antient Nation of *Scotland*; This victorious King *Kenneth* the second dyed in the twenty year of His Reign: The Kingdom not being well settled, in obedience to the Crown, his brother *Donald* the fifth succeeded him, a very infamous King, and a great Tyrant, he lost all *Scotland* to *Strivling-bridge*, by the *Brittains* and *Saxons*, the which time King *Osbridge* conquered great Lands in *Scotland*, assisted by the *Brittans*; so that *Strivling-bridge* was made Marches betwixt *Scots*, *Brittans*, and *Englishmen*. King *Osbridge* coyned Money in the Castle of *Strivling*, by that the Starling Money had first beginning, and died in the fifth year of His Reign. King *Constantin* the second, the Conquerors Son, a valiant King, in whose time *Heger* and *Hoba*, with a great Fleet of *Danes* landing in *Fyfe* used great cruelty. King *Constantin* the second came with a great Army against *Hoba* and vanquished him; the *Scots* being proud of that victory, and neglecting themselves, there followed a cruel and desperat battle; at last the *Scots* were vanquished, and King *Constantin* with his Nobles, and ten thousand of his Army kill'd in the fifteen year of his reign: *Aethus* surnamed the Swift, succeeded his Father King *Constantin*; He died in the second year of his reign: *Gregorius magnus Donagallus* Son, a worthy, stout, and valiant King, he freed *Scotland*

all again from *Osbridge*, *Saxons* and *English-men*; and enlarged his Empire to the County and Shire of *Northumberland*, *Westmureland* and *Cumberland*: and confederat with *Elewrad* King of *Brittans*, and after went to *Ireland*, and vanquished *Brannus* and *Cornelius*, after beseiged *Dublin*, wherein was their young King *Duncan*, to whom he was made *Protector*, during the Kings Minority; then returned to *Scotland* with a victorious Army, and brought threescore Pledges of the *Irish* Nobility and Gentry, under the Age of thirty years, he died in the eighteen year of his Reign. *Donald* the sixth was Son to *Constantin* the second, a good, religious, valiant King, he succeeded King *Gregory*, in his time the *Murrays* and *Rosses* envading each other; with cruel killing, two thousand were killed in either Parties, the King came upon them with a great Army, and punished the principal of this rebellion to the death; he died in the eleventh year of his reign. *Constantin* the third, *Aethus* son, succeeded him, a valiant Prince, not fortunat in Wars, he being vexed with War in the time of King *Edward*, surnamed *Sinar*, of the *Saxons* kind; and *Edlston* his bastard son, he became a Canon in *St. Andrews*, and ded in the fourty year of his reign: *Malcolm* the first, *Donald* the sixth's son, a valiant Prince, and a good Justiciar in his time, a confederacy was made, that *Cumberland* and *Westmureland*, should be annexed to the Kingdom of *Scotland*, and should be perpetually holden by the Prince of *Scotland* of Fee, from the King of *England*, by vertue whereof *Indolphus*, son to *Constantin* the third Prince of *Scotland*, took possession in both *Cumberland* and *Westmureland*: The King died the ninth year of his reign: *Indolphus*, *Constantin* the thirds son, succeeded King *Malcolm* the first, a noble, valiant Prince, he vanquished *Athagen* Prince of *Norway*, and *Theodorick* Prince of *Denmark*; he died in the ninth year of his reign: *Duffus*, *Malcolm* the first son, succeeded King *Indolphus*, a good Prince, and a severe

vere Justitiar, he died in the fifth year of his reign. *Colonus, Indolphus* son succeeded King *Duffus*, he died in the fourth year of his reign. *Kenneth* the third, son to *Malcolm*, the first, a brave King, and a good Justitiar; from the death of *Kenneth* the second, which conquered the *Picts*, to the reign of *Kenneth* the third, we had nine Kings in *Scotland*: I have set down particularly how long every Kings reign was, *in cumulo* they reigned a hundred and nine years, most of them, although I have not expressed, they were most of them killed in the Field, being so possest with War on every side, what by *Denmark* and *Norway* on the one side, the *Brittans* and *Saxons* on the other side; poor little *Scotland* had much to do to get her feet holden among them: For in all that time of an hundred and nine years, there was but one victorious Conquering Prince, which was King *Gregory*; So that the *Borders* in these Lands in *England* aforesaid, being sometimes under the command of the *Scotts*, and sometime of the *English*; they became so Rude and Insolent, that they would never be governed before *Kenneth* the third brought them under obedience to the Crown of *Scotland*, yet they were never under sole obedience till the Reign of *Malcolm* the third, surnamed *Cannmor*; he dispatch'd them all, and gave their Lands and Inheritance to others, which were Loyal Subjects.

And now with sleep my Muse hath cal'd her brain;
 I'll turn my Stile to Rhyming Verse again;
 King *Kenneth* the second, that Prince of high renown,
 He vanquish'd the *Picts*, and Conquer'd their Crown,
 In revenge of his Fathers death, which basely they murder'd
 For which victorious *Kenneth* mow'd them down,
 And annexed their Realm under *Scotland's* Crown,
 The year of Grace he did their Crown annex,

Was

Was in the eight hundred and thirty six,
Or in the fourty six, I know not whether,
The Kingdoms they were joyn'd together,
Being the fourth or fourteenth year of his reign;
And ere the twentieth he did return
To his Mother Earth, from whence he came;
His Soul and Hope doth reach the sky,
His Fame to Titans rise did fly.
Donald the fifth succeeded his Brother then,
And lost as much as King Kenneth won,
A vitious, odious King, he play'd at swig,
Whilst he lost Scotland all to Striviling Bridge,
Yet at's beginning he did come speed,
And vanquish'd his Enemies on the South-side Tweed;
The Picts that fled amongst the English-men,
Requested *Osbridge* and *Ells*, two great Princes of England,
To move War against their Enemies in Scotland,
Both English, Brittons, Picts these Princes brought
Which Donald vanquish'd at Jedburgh,
He was so insolent after his victory,
To the River of Tweed he came with his Army,
And two ships he took with Wine and Victuals rare,
And order'd every Souldier for to have their share:
King Donald was given to variosity and greed,
With lust of Body, he could ne're be satisfied,
The whole Camp they had their Paramours,
And was full of Taverns, of Bordels, and Whoors;
They followed Carding, Dycing, and contentious trouble,
That each of them, they did kill one another.
King *Osbridge* having Advertisement anone,
Rais'd a new Army, and to the Scots he came;
And kill'd twenty thousand Men compleat,

Without

Without Armour, and all fast asleep.
 That vile King was tane, as has been said,
 And in derision through the Countrey led;
 At which time King *Osbridge* Conquer'd much land,
 And that the South-parts of Scotland fand,
 Assisted by the Brittons, so that he,
 Cau'd Stirling Bridge the Marches for to be,
 For Saxons, Brittons and English-men,
 In three Kings reigns they kept that Garison,
 In Stirling-Castle *Osbridge* did money coyn;
 From which the Sterling Money had it's first name;
 The Scots valu'd not the Land did belong to the Pict,
 But the Lands of Albion *Osbridge* did afflict;
 Ther's Galloway, and the Isle of Man,
 Was Lands of Scotland since the first King Fergus came.
 So was Kyle and Carrick, all in hail,
 Arron through Lennox, with the netherward of Clidsdail;
 The Mers and Tiviot-dail was Picts Lands,
 And so was all the three Louthians,
 So was Peebles, Selkirk and Over-ward of Clidsdail;
 Nithsdail, and Annandail; with the five Kirks of Eskdail,
 Drunken Donald all these Lands did tyne,
 But Gregorius Magnus recover'd them again,
 From Gregories death, to Kenneth the thirds reign,
 The Borders obey'd neither God, nor King,
 Kenneth the third lov'd Deer, both Red and Fellow,
 Above all Princes since King Dornadilla;
 Hunting was the Sport he liked best,
 For all our South-parts was Wood and Forrest,
 Except here and there a Summering Plain,
 Into which his Keepers did remain.

MY Muse has been astray a certain time,
But now in case for to return again;
With the Name of *Scot* she's minded to contain,
Because they are her worthy Noble Friends,
The year of Grace sixteen hundred and twenty nine,
Carlaverock was a Garison in that time,
Collonel Monro a German Souldier he,
Blockt up the Castle both by Land and Sea, .
Izto that Leigure I did remain,
In Cockburns Company, I was a Souldier then;
And my chance was with my Command to pass,
To the English-side call'd Burgh under Bowness,
By fortune I fell in a Gentlemans companie,
Call'd Lancelot Scot, who was most kind to me;
He shew'd me his Ancestors hail,
Did live into that Spot;
Since Carlisle Walls werè re-built
By David King of Scots;
A Book he gave to me, call'd Mr. Michaels Creed,
But never a word at that time I could read,
What he read to me, I have it not forgot:
It was th'original of our South-countrey Scots,
He said, that Book which he gave me,
Was of Mr. Michael Scots Historie,
Which History was never yet read through,
Nor never will, for no Man dare it do;
Young Scholars have pickt out some thing,
From the Contents, that dare not read within,
He carried me along into the Castle then,
And shew his written Book hanging on an Iron-pin;
His writing Pen did seem to me to be,
Of harden'd Mettal, like Steil, or Accumie;

The volumn of it did seem so large to me,
 As the Book of Martyrs and Turks Historie;
 Then in the Church he let me see,
 A Stone where Mr. Michael Scot did ly.
 I ask'd at him how that could appear,
 Mr. Michael had been dead above five hundred year,
 He shew'd me none durst bury under that Stone,
 More than he had been dead few years agoe,
 For Mr. Michaels name does terrifie each one,
 That vulgar people dare scarce look on the Stone,
 And more it us'd to pay the Saxons a Fee,
 For Strangers are desirous that Stone to see;
 That Lancelot Scot he wearied not,
 To shew me every thing,
 And then incontinent to the Ale-house did return,
 Where we had the other Cup and the other Can,
 There was no cause of Feed,
 Lancelot he said, I was not a Gentleman,
 That was not bred to read;
 But to proceed, he wearied not,
 To shew the Original of the Border Scot,
 He said that Book did let him understand,
 How the Scots of Buckleugh gain'd both Name and Land,
 He said, Gentlemen in Galloway by fate,
 Had fallen at odds, and a Riot did commit,
 For in these days, as he did say,
 It was call'd Brigants that's now call'd Galloway,
 Two valiant Lads of these Brigants
 Were censured to be gone,
 Then to the South they took their way,
 And arrived at Rankelburn,
 At Rankelburn where they did come,

The Keeper was call'd Brydine,
 They humbly then did him intreat,
 For Meat, Drink, and Lodging;
 The Keeper stood and then did look,
 And saw them pretty men,
 Immediatly grants their Request,
 And to his House they came:
 To wind a Horn they did not scorn,
 In the loftiest degree,
 Which made the Forrester conceive,
 They were better Keepers than he;
 In Ettrick-forrest, Meggets-head,
 Meucra and Rankelburn-grain,
 There was no Keepers in the South,
 That could compare with them;
 These Gentlemen were Brethren born,
 If Histories be not amiss;
 The one of them called John Scot,
 And the other of them call'd Wat English.

King Kenneth then a Hunting came,
 To the Cacara-cross did resort,
 And all the Nobles of his Court,
 They hither came to see the sport;
 Of Ettrick's-hew he took a view,
 Then to the left hand did turn,
 Where he did see that Forrester hie,
 Which then was called Rankelburn;
 The Keepers and the Strouse-men came,
 With Shouts from Hill to Hill,
 With Hound and Horn they rais'd the Deer,
 But little Blood did spill,

A Buck

A Buck did come that was so run,
Hard by the Cacara-cross,
He mean'd to be at Rankelburn,
Finding himself at loss,
The Hill was steep, the Bogs were deep,
With Woods and Heather strong,
By a Mile of Ground there none came near it,
But Footmen that did run,
Then one of these two Gentlemen
Which from Galloway did come,
Both Hounds and Deer he kepted near
To the Water in Rankelburn :
And then the Buck being spent and gone,
He on the Hounds did turn
That Gentleman came first along,
And catch'd him by the Horn,
Alive he cast him on his back,
Or any man came there,
And to the Cacara-cross did trot,
Against the Hill a Mile and mair,
The King saw him a pretty man,
And ask'd his Name from whence he came,
He said from Galloway he came,
If please your Grace my Name is John ;
The Deer being curied in that place
At his Majesties demand,
Then John of Galloway ran apace
And fetch'd Water to his Hands,
The King did wash into a Dish,
And Galloway John he wot,
He said thy Name now after this,
Shall e're be call'd John Scot ;

The Forrest and the Deer therein,
We commit to thy hand,
For thou shalt sure the Ranger be,
If thou obey Command,
And for the Buck thou stoutly brought,
To Us up that steep Heugh:
Thy Designation ever shall
By John Scot in Bucksleugh,
By strength of Limb and youthful Spring,
Fortune may favour still,
And if thou prove obedient,
We'll mend thee when We will;
John humbly then thanked the King,
And promis'd to be Loyal,
And earnestly beg'd His Majestie,
That he would make a tryal,
My name is John, and I'm alone,
Into this strange Countrie,
Except one Brother with me came,
To bear me Companie,
What is his name then said the King,
He answer'd his name is Wat;
Ye are very well met, then said the King,
He shall be English, and ye are Scot;
At Bellanden let him remain
Fast by the Forrest side,
Where he may do Us Service too,
And assist you with his Aid;
I do believe as my Author did declare,
How the original of Buckcleugh was a valiant Forrester,
It's most like to be true which I have plainly shown,
The old Families of Buckcleugh did carry a Hunting-horn,

Buckleugh, if that my Author doth speak truth,
 It's long since he began,
 In the third King Kenneth's Reign,
 He to the Forrest came,
 The first of their Genealogie,
 Though Chronicles be rent and torn,
 And made their ends upon the Sea;
 Of late into the Usurper's time,
 Our Registers away were tane,
 Many of them perish'd in the Main,
 And never came ashore again.
 In Queen Maries Reign they had bad handling,
 Sometimes Fortune favour'd, and sometimes frown'd,
 'Twixt Stools, if men do miss their mark,
 Then their Bottom sure goes to the Ground.
 In Edward Longshank's time, king of England,
 Our Monuments were lost and gone,
 Our Chronicles and Registers to London went,
 Yet not returned again.
 In the Reign of the third Constantine,
 All Substance from this Land was tane
 By that Saxon King Edward surnamed Cinar,
 And Edleston his Bastard son;
 Since these Hurli-burlies tops-a-turvies,
 So oft this Land they have undone,
 That a Native durst not show himself,
 Except on the tops of the Mountains;
 When our Records were sent away,
 The Vulgar sort they were not free,
 Therefore there was particular acts,
 For to be Cloaks to their Knavery;

The

The Chronicle may err, some men may be prefer'd,
 In every Science there is some Cheatry;
 For if an Inferior man to a Clerk shall come,
 And possess him of such Gallantry,
 Then he'll take a word alone,
 And so reward him with his Coyn;
 Which will cause the Clerk blaze him to the sky,
 Within two hundred year may be it do appear,
 If the World shall stand so long,
 That the late made Purves Act,
 Which he obtained to cover his fact,
 Will raise his needy Friends to be Gentlemen;
 That bold Buckcleugh was none of them,
 That ever bought his honor with Coyn;
 His Valour did it gain, in Holland and in Swain,
 And against the Saxons Seed, they oft did honour gain;
 From the Family of Buckcleugh,
 There has sprung many a Man,
 Four hundred years ago;
 Hassinden he was one,
 Descended of that Line, and still he doth remain,
 And Evident's speaks truth, the same the truth proclaims,
 Though Chronicles be lost from many a Familie,
 These Characters that remains, the truth they let us see,
 Sir Alexander Scot of Hassinden was Knight,
 With good King James the fourth, he was kill'd at Flowdon fight,
 From Hassinden did spring before that time
 The Families of Wall, Delorian and Haining,
 The South-countrey Gentry is known for truth,
 Was exercised in Arms into their youth,
 None other Education they did apply,
 But Jack and Spear against their Enemy;

And

And because it was their *dayly* exercise;
 They never fought to be *Chronicler's*;
 But when a Courtier *did* any *valiant* fate;
 He was cry'd up to th*is* *stars*, and made Lord of State,
 But now advance my Muse, and declare the truth,
 Of brave John Scot the *Original* of Buckleugh;
 And because thou art weary, as I suppose,
 I'll refrain Verse, and turn my self to Prose;
 Good Lancelot Scot, I think his Book be true,
 Old Rankelburn is design'd Buckleugh now,
 Yet in his Book no *Balls* read he,
 It was Bucksleugh he read to me,
 He told me the Name, the Place, the Coat,
 Came all by the hunting of the Buck:
 In Scotland no Buckleugh was then,
 Before the Buck in the Cleugh was slain,
 Nights-men at first they did appear,
 Because Moon and Stars to their Arms they bear,
 Their Crest, supporters, and hunting-horn,
 Showes their beginning from hunting came;
 Their Name and Stile the Book did say,
 John gain'd them both into one day:
 The very place where that the Buck was slain,
 He built a Stone-house, and there he did remain;
 He built a Church into that Forrest hie,
 There was no man to come to it, but his own Familie,
 The Houses Ground-work yet is to be seen;
 And at that Church, I many times have been,
 A burial place it yet keeps out,
 For any poor folk that lyes round about;
 To the Paroch Church it's long six mile,
 Therefore they bury yet to save travel;

My

My Guid-sir Satchells, I heard him declare,
 There was nine Lairds of Buckcleugh buried there;
 But now with rubbish and earth it's fill'd up so high,
 That no man can the Through-stones see,
 But nine Tomb-stones he saw with both his eyne,
 But knew not who was buried under them;
 Also they built a Miln on that same burn,
 To grind Dogs-bran, though there there grew no Corn,
 For in my own time Corn little there hath been,
 There was neither Rig nor Fur for to be seen,
 But Hills and Mountains on every side,
 The Haugh below, scarce a hundred foot wide;
 Yet there's a Miln-steed in that Brook,
 And the Church-walls I have seen them all up,
 It is two reasonable myle,
 Between the Miln-steed and the Kirk-style,
 My Guid-sir told me there he had seen,
 A holy Cross, and a Font-stone;
 The Paroch being twenty myle about,
 But hardly sixteen folks remain in it,
 All the Corn I have seen there in a year,
 Was scarce the sowing of six Firlots of Bear;
 And for Neighbours to come with good will,
 There was no Corn to grind into that Mill,
 If Heather-tops had been Meal of the best,
 Then Buckcleugh-mill had gotten a noble grist
 Now wearied Muse to rest thou may resort,
 Whilst I alittle Prose report.

I Heard my Guid-sir tell, that he had heard all men say, the
 the reason why the Lairds of *Buckcleugh* did build that Milne,
 was, for the use of their Houses, for grinding of Flour, Meal and
 Malt,

Malt, but especially Bran for his Dogs, and the Corn came out of other Barronies, which was then in his possession, as the Ewards in Tweddale, the Barrony of *Eakfoord*, Grimslies in East-Tiviotdail, and other Barronies, and Lands under his command, this is spoken by tradition to this time; but sure if such things were, as it hath been by all appearance, it must be long after the beginning of the honourable Family of Buckcleugh; for at that time, Buckcleugh must needs be a Person of much Honour and Renown, and of a very competent Estate, when he built a Church, and a Milne, in such a Wilde Forrest, as *Rankelburn*, now called Buckcleugh, where there was no People to come to the Church, except his own Family, nor girst to his Milne, except what he caused to come for his own use, near twenty myle in each side of his own residence. My Guid-sir *Satchells* told me, that he was with *Walter* called the good Lord of Buckcleugh, after he came from the Schools, and *Robert of Thirlston*, after Sir *Robert*, they being come from the Colledge of St. *Andrews*, where they had been at Learning, by reason King *James* the sixth was of that University, my Lord and Sir *Robert* being of the Kings Age, in the year one thousand five hundred and sixty six, was desirous to pass their time there, and at their return, the Lord Buckcleugh being ready to go to his travells, was curious to see these Tomb-stones of his Ancestors, which was in that Kirk, in the Forrest of *Rankelburn*, the most part of the Wall was standing then, and the Font-stone within the Kirk, and a Cross before the Kirk-door; The Rubbish and Earth being casten out, and the Stones clean swept, the Lord, and many of his Friends came to see them, where they did discern one Stone, which had the antient Coat of Arms on it; That is to say, two Crests, and a Mulet born on a Counter-scarf, with a Hunting-horn in the Field, supported with a Hart of Grace, and a Hart of Leice, alias a Hound, and a Buck, and a Bucks-head torn from the Crest, which only seem to be from Hunters and Forresters, the other Stones had drawn

G

upon

upon them like unto a Hand and Sword, and others of them had a Sword and a Lance all along the Stone; *Robert Scot* said, that he believed, that it was four hundred years since the last of these Stones had been laid, and it was near an hundred year since that time; I judge the *Lord Buckcleugh* was about twenty one, or twenty two years at that time, so it must needs be near to an hundred years since.

The Lands of Buckcleugh they did possess,
Three hundred years ere they had writ or wax;
And since that time that they a Right did rear,
It's said to be from King Robert the third, call'd John Fern-year.

Now follows the several Places of Residence of the Family of Buckcleugh.

NOW my Jocking Muse assist my Rhyme compleat,
I'm drown'd in Prose since thou lay down to sleep;
Thy Journey's long, and so thou must not stay,
We'll take some part of Tweddale in our way;
The Barrony of Eward was Buckcleughs share,
And yet they are Supperior,
Over Eward and neither Eward was in the Barrony,
With Kirk-Eward, Lady-Eward and Lock-Eward, all thre;
These Towns most sweet surround a pleasant Hill,
And Scottstoun-hall doth joyn unto them still.
It was call'd Scottstoun-hall when Buckcleugh in it did dwell,
Unto this time it is call'd Scottstoun still:
It was in Kirk-Eward-paroch then,
But now it's in the Paroch of Lintoun,
There is three Towers in it was mounted high,
And each of them had their own entry,
A Sally-door did enter on,
Which serv'd all three, and no man kend,
When Buckcleugh at Scots-hall kept his house,

Then

Then Peebles-Church was his Burial-place,
 In the Cross-Kirk there has buried been
 Of the Lairds of Buckcleugh, either six or seven;
 There can none say but it's two hundred year
 Since any of them was buried there,
 The Earls of Hamiltoun and Dowglas,
 To brave Buckcleugh shewed great kindnes,
 Their kindnes with him did prevail,
 That he must live near them in Clidisdail,
 Scots-hall he left standing alone,
 And went to live at Mordistoun;
 And there a brave House he did rear,
 Which to this time it doth appear;
 Several Ages after, he did these Lands excamb,
 With Inglis that was the Laird of Brankson,
 And since that time I can mak't appear,
 It's near two hundred and fifty year,
 That Familie they still were valiant men,
 No Baron was better served into Britain,
 The Barons of Buckcleugh they kept at their call,
 Four and twenty Gentlemen in their Hall,
 All being of his Name and Kin,
 Each two had a Servant to wait on them,
 Before Supper and Dinner most renown'd,
 The Bells rung and the Trumpets sounded,
 And more than that I do confess,
 They kept four and twenty Pensioners,
 Think not I lie, or do me blame,
 For the Pensioners I can all name,
 There's men alive elder than I,
 They know if I speak truth or ly,
 Ev'ry Pensioner a Room did gain,
 For Service done and to be done,

This I'll let the Reader understand,
 The name of both the Men and Land,
 Which they possess'd it is of truth,
 Both from the Lairds and Lords Buckleugh;
 But now, my Muse, I'll give it in thy chose,
 Stay or go sleep, for I must write in Prose.

*Now follows the Gentlemens Names that were Pensioners to the House
 of Buckleugh, with the Lands they possess'd for their Service.*

Walter Scot of North-house, the first Gentleman descended
 from the Family, in a former Age Robert Scot of Allam-
 mouth, David Scot of Stobiscot, Brother to Sir Walter Scot of Gau-
 dilands, David Scot of Raes-know, one of the house of Allanh-
 haugh, Robert Scot of Clack, the Land of Fennick for his Service,
 William Scot in Hawick call'd William in the Mott, brother
 to Walter Scot of Hardin, possess these Lands without the West-
 Port for his Service, John Scot of Monk-tower, brother to old
 William Scot of Altonn, Robert Scot of Easter-groundiston, brother-
 son to Robert Scot of Headsbaw; James Scot of Altonn-Croftis, Raes-
 know, and Allammouth, were all of the Family of Allanh-
 haugh, Thomas Scot in Wester-groundiston brother to William Scot of White-
 haugh, descended of the antient Family of Buckleugh, John Scot
 in Drinkston, descended of the antient Family of Robert-toun,
 William Scot in Lies, alias Millma, called William Scot of Cat-
 slac-know, descended from the antient family of Dryhop, Robert
 Scot in Clarilaw descended from the antient house of Hassanden,
 William Scot of Totchahaugh, from the foresaid family of Bor-
 toheugh, Andrew Scot of Totchahill from the family of Robertoun,
 John Scot in Stowlie, Scot of Whames, descended from the
 North-house; Scot of Castlehill, was of that kind; Walter Scot
 of Chappel-hill, he was half-brother to the Laird of Chisholm;
 Robert Scot of Howford had the Lands of Cowd-house for his Ser-
 vice;

vice; *Robert Scot* of Satchels had Southinrig for his Service; *Robert Scot* of Langup had the Land of Outter-huntly for his Service, for several Ages; there was one *William Scot* commonly call'd cut at the black, he had the Lands of Nether-Delorian for his Service; *Walter Gledstanes* had Whitlaw. These twenty four were all of the Name of *Scot*, except *Walter Gledstanes* of Whitlaw, who was nearly related to my Lord; this *William Scot* of Delorian, commonly call'd cut at the black, he was a brother of the anient house of Haining, which house of Haining is descended from the antient house of Hassanden, and from the foresaid *William Scot* of Delorain, sprung the family of *Scottarbet* and *Elie*, now called *Ardros*, their original being from *Sir Alexander Scot* of Hassanden, that valiant knight was kill'd with his Prince King *James* the fourth at Flowden-field. Now I come to *Sir Walter Scot* of Buckcleugh, who was Grand-father to *Walter* the good Lord of Buckcleugh. These twenty three Pensioners, all of his own Name of *Scot*, and *Walter Gledstanes* of Whitlaw, a near Cousin of my Lords, as aforesaid; they were ready upon all occasions, when his Honour pleas'd cause to advertise them. It was known to many in the Countrey better than it is to me, that the Rents of these Lands, which the Lairds and Lords of *Buckcleugh* did freely bestow upon their Friends, will amount above twelve or fourteen thousand merks a year: This I have thought good to let the Reader see, the benefite which the younger Brethren of the Name had by their Cheif, when he was but a Baron and Knight, they were esteemed with more respect than they have been since; *Sir William Scot* of Brankfom, who never survived to be Laird or Lord of *Buckcleugh*, gave his Lady Dame *Margaret Douglas*, after him Countess of *Bothwell*, above two and twenty thousand merks a year of Joynture; This, with the Pensioners Revenues off the Estate, was near thirty six thousand merks a year, which his Son Lord *Walter*, and his Son Earl *Walter* did truly pay all their times the Coniunct-fee.

Now

Now lest you should think that I flatter, or am a liar ; I will nominate the Lands, and where they ly, for the justification of my self.

A Wake, awake, my Muse, and me aver,
To give a just account of that Joynture,
To the Piel and Hathern I will repair,
To Anallshope and Glengeber,
To Whitup and to Black-grain,
To Commonside, and Millanton-hill;
And Eilridge is left all alone,
Except some Town Lands in Lanton,
Now, my Muse, to the East-country go we,
And talk of Eckfoords Baronie,
Which Barony she none did mis,
But all into her Joynture was,
In Cumulo I do-declare,
It's above twenty thousand merks a year,
It was a worthy Conjunct-fee,
For a Knight to give to his Lady;
That worthy House when they were but Gentrie,
Exceeded far some of Nobilitie;
O cursed Helena that the Trojans did confound,
And laid Troys pleasant Walls flat on the Ground,
Her Daughter had not match'd with Priamus race,
But her Mothers perswasion made her him imbrace;
Thirty Lairds and Lords its said hath been,
All of Buckcleugh, yet it is uncertain;
Yet I believe it may be true,
I've seen four my self, and that I'll avow,
The nine last Generations I declare,
Both whom they Married, and who they were;
At Sir Arthur Scot we begin,

In's

In's time he was the Kings Warden,
 A valiant Sp'rit for Chivalrie,
 Married Lord Somervels Daughter of Cowdalie;
 Sir Walter his Son did him succeed,
 Whom the Borders both did fear and dread,
 He was still fourty men when ever he rade,
 He married with Dowglas of Drumlanrig,
 Their Procreation remains unto this time,
 The last honourable second brother, that of that Familie came,
 From that marriage Robert of Allan-haugh sprung,
 It's near two hundred years agoe,
 And since that time it's known to be of truth,
 There was ne're a lawful Brother married from Buckcleugh,
 The more we may repent, and sigh and groan,
 That they'r so Phænix like still but one,
 Sir William Scot was Sir Walter's eldest Son,
 And in his Heritage he did succeed to him,
 A valiant Knight, and of much renown,
 He Married with the honourable house of Hume,
 His Son Sir Walter, that durst have shown his face,
 To him that was as stout as Hercules,
 He was inclin'd to Blood, as was rehearst,
 He was married to Ker of Ferni-harst,
 To Venus her Sister, he married again,
 A beautiful Creature Dame Janet Beaton;
 Sir William Scot of Brankfom call'd White-cloak,
 He was son to Buckcleugh, call'd wicked War,
 As Fortune smil'd or frown'd,
 Content that Worthy was,
 He married a Sister of the House of Angus,
 The good Lord Walter was Sir William's Son,
 The better in Tiviot-dale shall never come,

For

For Valour, Wisdom, Friendship, Love and Truth,
He married Ker a Sister of Roxburgh,
Earl Walter was Lord Walter's Son,
A Mars for Valour, Wisdom and Renown;
His Courage durst a Lyon fear,
His Frowns would terrifi'd a Boar,
He married a sister of Errol,
Earl Francis his Father, Earl Walter did succeed,
Into his Earldom, but not to his Head;
Yet he wanted neither hand, head, nor heart,
But could not Act like to his Fathers part;
His Fathers Acts were all Military,
And he was much inclin'd to study,
His Father scorn'd to suffer a stain,
Neither of himself, nor of his Name;
With the House of Rothes married he,
An equal Match by Antiquitie;
She was but the reliet of such a one,
The Son of a start-up Souldier new come home.
I have been through Scotland, Holland, and Sweden,
Yet ne're heard of a Gentleman in all his Kin,
Except one Switzer, which did verifie,
He was Bacchus Nevoy, the Uncle of Brandy;
That worthy Earl was soon by death assail'd,
Gainst whom no mortal ever yet prevail'd;
He had no Heirs-male, but Daughters left behind,
For to enjoy his great Earldom and Land;
These Infants sweet left to their Guardians to keep,
Their Tutors oft suffered controul,
Their Mother was so impudent,
That she must always have her intent;
The eldest Lady, I confess, she was not able for a man,

VVith

With Earl Tarras she did VVedd, it was by perswasion of her Dame,
 Alas, she liv'd not very long,
 There was no Procreation them between;
 I wish to God there had been a Son,
 It had been better for all poor Friends;
 The Countes Sister did her succeed,
 Then her Mother to London by Coach did hie,
 And search't her a Husband beyond the Sea,
 A pretty youth, and of High-birth,
 By the Name of Graves that Boy did pass,
 One Mr Ross his Pedagogue was,
 In France, in Holland, and in Flanders,
 When the truth was known, and the Lad fetcht home,
 King Charles the second's bastard he prov'd to be,
 And I believe his Maiden-head, he begat him young on Mrs Barly,
 A pretty Lady, I have her seen,
 And very gallant in her time;
 Sir Thomas Barly was her Sire,
 A Knight that dwelt in Devonshire,
 And after the Restauration,
 When Charles the second came to his home,
 The Weyms Countess, and her Daughter young,
 At London stay'd, and the Youth fetch'd home,
 James Scot he was call'd all along,
 Which did continue certain moneths,
 And then to Windsor did return,
 Where he was made Duke of Monmouth;
 King Edwards Badge he got, the Order of the Garter,
 Perform'd with great Solemnity, and then to London did repair,
 His Nuptial-day did then drew near.
 To Charing Cross he did resort,
 The King and Duke Royal did come there;

H

And

And most Nobles of the Court,
A most proper man he in time became,
As in any Princes Court was seen,
Ten thousand hearts they may lament,
That ever he should a Rebel been;
A Rebel he was in his time,
And did the Nation much perplex;
At his Invasion he was tane,
And his Head cut off with an axe
In England now the Dutches Dwells;
Which to her Friends is a cursed Fate,
For if they Famish, Starve, or dy,
They cannot have a groat from that Estate.
The times of Old are quite forgot,
How Inferior Friends had still relief,
And how the worthiest of the Name,
Engaged themselves to hold up their Chief,
And in requital of their Love,
His Honor took of them such pain,
They never went unto the Law,
Gainst one another at any time,
In whose case or cause soever it was,
Debts, Riots or Possessions,
Their Chief he was immediat Judge,
The Lawyers got nought of them.
Times have been very troublesome;
Since these Rebellions first began,
Which was then but forty eight years agoe,
And then our Chief he was but young,
In the five and twenty year of age,
In the year of Grace fifty and two,
He rendered up his Steward-ship,

And

And had no Issue, but Females two ;
 And as Dalila with Sampson dealt,
 When she cry'd, the Phillistines are ther upon,
 Such cruel Despight, Strife and Debat,
 Remain into some bad VVomen ;
 She's like a Gardo countenance'd like Bendo,
 Cunning as Nilo peeping through a window,
 Which put the wandring Jew in such amazment,
 Seeing such a face look through the casement ;
 When Lora a Bull long nourished in Cocitus,
 VVith Sulphur-horns sent by the Emperor Titus,
 Asked a stegmatick peribestan question,
 If Alexander ever lived Physician,
 VVhen Helen was for Priamus Son a Mate,
 From Greece by Paru and his Band,
 VVhich caus'd the Greeks the Trojan minds abate :
 Some curs't the Boyes, and other some them ban'd :
 The strumpet Queen, which brought the burning Brand,
 That Helen fir'd, and wrak'd old Priamus Race ;
 And on their Names long living shame did brand
 For head-strong lust runs an unbounded race ;
 This beauteous piece whose feature radiant blaze,
 Made Mænelaus horn mad war to wadge,
 And set all Troy in a combustious bleeze,
 VVhose ten years triumphs scarce was worth their wage,
 For all their Conquests, and their battering Rams,
 Their leaders most return'd with heads like Rams,
 Lo thus the burden of adulterous guilt,
 A shoring vengeance Troy, and Trojans saw,
 No Age, nor Sect, no Beauty, Gold nor Guilt,
 VVithstood foretold Cassandrias secret fall ;
 She often said, false Helens beauteous blast,

Should be the cause, this mighty Grecians Power,
Their Names and Fames with Infamy should blast,
And how the gods on them would vengeance pour,
But poor Cassandra prophesied in vain,
The clamorous cries were to the senseless Rocks,
The youths of Troy in mirry scornful Vein,
Securely sleeps, whilst Lust the Cradle rocks,
Till bloody burning Indignation come,
And all their mirth with Mourning overcome,
Yet great's the Glory in the Noble Mind,
Where Life and Death are equal in respect,
If Fates be good or bad, unkind or kind,
Not proud in Freedom, nor in Thral deject,
With Courage scorning Fortunes worst effect,
In spitting in foul Envyes cankered face,
True honor thus doth baser thoughts subject,
Esteeming Life a Slave, that serves disgrace,
Foul abject thoughts become the mind that's base,
That deems there is no better life than this,
Or after death doth fear a worser place,
VVhere guilt is payed the Guardian of a Mils;
But let swoln Envy swell untill she burst,
The noble mind defy's her, do her worst,
The vulgar sort with open port
Said, the Scot had much renown,
That their Heretrix was intermixt,
VVith a Bastard of the Crown.
King James the fifth his bastard Son
VVas of as much regard,
He married Buckleugh's Relict
He being but a Laird.
The bastard got into Scotland,

VVas

Was never of such renown,
To prosper as the English do,
They oft usurp their Crown;
King Arthur of the round Table,
Begotten was in Adultery;
And so was both King Edelstoun,
And William of Normandie,
But Scotlands loyal Nobility
Is of a more rare degree,
Nor suffer any Bastard seed
To claim Sovereignty.
Since the first Fergus began
To King James the seventh,
We have had none but twain,
Of Bastards that usurp'd the Crown,
And short while they did Reign:
Gillis the Tyrant he was one,
King Evenus the first Bastard-son,
Codallus of Galloway cut him off.
In the second year of his Reign;
Duncan the second usurp'd the Crown,
Malcolm the third his Bastard-son,
But from an Usurper he did it gain,
Which was from wicked Donald the seventh.
Mackpender, then of Merns the Thane,
An Earl of high renown,
He brought King Duncan to his end,
Nine Months after he was crown'd.
The Bastard Kings of Scotland then
Had but small Prosperity,
And for the future I hope none,
In Scotland shall ever be;

Then

Then Edgar the just and lawful King,
Upon his Throne was set,
And anointed of Dunkels Bishop,
Whose name was Mr. John Scot.
Of Bastards I will speak no more,
Since I declar'd the truth,
My purpose now is to return,
And speak of bold Buckcleugh.
That worthy valiant Son of Mars,
That most illustrious ore,
The United-Provinces him should blaze
To Ages that's to come:
The year and time I must expriue,
That from Holland came he,
The Sixteen hundred and thirty three,
At London he did die;
In November Month to speak the truth,
It was our woful fate,
To the Bier many Friends came,
To see him ly in State,
The Nobles of the Court repair'd,
Clad in their sable Weed,
And Country-men in Flocks came in,
To see's Herse when he was dead;
Patrick Scot then of Thirlston,
A worthy Gentleman,
He took the care of all Affairs,
Caus'd his Corps to be imbalmd,
All being done that wit of man,
Could do or understand,
Then a Ship he fraughted on the Thames,
To bring him to Scotland,

The Ship did fall the River down;
 And Greenwich did obey.
 Then to Gravesend they did come,
 And two days there did stay;
 When Wind and Tide they both apply'd,
 And hoist'd their Sails on hie,
 Thirlston came aboard himself,
 Ere they reach'd Tilburie,
 From once they past by the Lands-end,
 The Storm did rise so high,
 For three Months time they liv'd in pain,
 Sore toil'd upon the Sea,
 They were almost sunk, yet sav'd the Ship at last,
 Their Sails into the shallow Seas were cast,
 Yet anchor'd safely and did remain,
 Whilst they did put to Sea again:
 Then 'mongst their old acquaintance Storm and flaws,
 Each Moment near to Death's devouring jaws,
 The weary day they past through many fears,
 Landed at last quite sunk o're head and ears,
 All famish'd, starv'd, like filthy Rats all drown'd;
 From succour far they left their Ship on ground,
 Cast out their Water, whilst they poorly drapt,
 And up and down to dry themselves they hapt;
 Thus they their weary Pilgrimage did wear,
 Expecting for the Weather calm and clear:
 Then madly, yet study out to the Sea they thrust,
 'Gainst Winds and Storms so hie,
 By Prigal hidden Rocks which hidden ly,
 Ten Mile within the Sea, some wet, some dry,
 There they supposed their danger most of all,
 If they upon these ragged Rocks should fall:

But

But Sol, that old continual Traveller,
 From Titan can amount his flaming Car,
 The Weather kept his course with fire, hail and rage,
 Without appearance that it would e're awage,
 Whilst they did pass these hills, dails and downs,
 Every moment they looked to be drown'd,
 The Wind still blowing, and the Sea so hie,
 As if the lofty Waves would kiss the Skie,
 That many times they wish'd with all their hearts,
 Their Ship were sunk, and they in Landward Carts,
 Or any part to keep them safe and dry,
 The Water raged so outrageously;
 For it is said, since memory of man,
 Or since Winds and Seas to ebb and flow began,
 No man can mind of such stormy Weather,
 And continual Rage so long together;
 Thirteen long Weeks that many thought,
 The Wind blew South and South-west,
 And rais'd the Sea each Wave above another,
 Of fair and calm Weather not an hour together,
 And whither they did go by Sun or Moon,
 Either by Midnight or by Noon;
 The Sun did rise with most suspicious face,
 Of foul forbidding VVeather purple red,
 His radiant tincture East-north-east were spread;
 In Norway by Slew gates antient Castle,
 Against rugged Rocks and VVaves they tug'd,
 The Moon and Stars were covered under Cloud,
 By Rubnie and by Rubnie-marsh,
 The Tide against them, and the VVind was harsh,
 'Twixt Eolus and Neptune there was such strife;
 That men never saw such VVeather in their life,

Toft and refoft, refoft and toft again,
 With rumbling and tumbling on the rowling Main,
 The boifterous breaking Billows of the curl'd Locks,
 Did impetuously beat againft the Rocks,
 The wind, which like a Horfe, whose wind is broke,
 Blew thick and short, that they were almoft choack'd,
 As it outrageoufly the Billows waves,
 The guft like duft blown in the brimifh waves,
 And thus the Wind and Seas thefe boyfterous gods,
 Fell by the ears ftark mad at furious odds,
 There Stalward Ships turmoild 'twixt Shoars and Seas,
 Aloft, or Low, as Storms and Floods did please,
 Sometimes upon a foaming mountain top,
 Whose hight did feem the heav'n to under-prop,
 Then ftaight to fuch prophanity they fell,
 As if they div'd into the depths of Hell,
 The Clouds, like ryp Apoftoms burft and showr'd,
 Their matt'ry, watry fubftance Head-long pour'd,
 Yet though all things were mutable and fickle,
 They all agreed to fauce them in a pickle;
 Of water frefh and falt from feas and fkyes,
 Which with our fweat joynd in triplicity,
 Bright Phœbus hid his golden head with fear,
 Not daring to behold the dangers there;
 Whilft in that ftrait and exigent they ftand,
 They fee and wifh to land, yet durft not land,
 Like rowling hills the billows beat and roar,
 Againft the melancholy benchy Shoar,
 That if they landed, neither ftrength nor wit,
 Could fave their Ship from being funk or fplit;
 To keep the fea ftaight puffing Æolus breath,
 Did threaten ftill to blow them unto death,

The waves amain oft boarded them,
Whilst they almost six hours did there remain,
On every side with danger and distress,
Resolv'd to run a Shoar a dungeonness,
There stood some thirteen Cottages together,
To shelter poor Fisher-men from wind and weather;
And there some people were, as they supposed,
As though the doors and windows were all closed,
They near the Land, into the Sea soon lap,
To see what people there these houses kept;
They knockt and call'd at each from house to house,
But found no Mankind-form, Cat, Rat, nor Mouse,
These news all sad, and comfortless and cold,
Amongst the Crew it presently was told,
Assuring them, the best way they did think,
Was to leave their Ship, whether she split or sink,
Resolved thus, they altogether please
To put her Head to Shoar, and her Stern to Seas;
They leaping over-board amidst the Sea,
Almost desperat whether to live or dy,
Then from top to toe they strend,
Pluckt off their shirts, and then them wring'd,
Till Wind and Sun their want supply'd,
And made both out-side and in-side dry'd,
Two miles from thence a silly town there stood,
To which they went to bring some food:
The Town did shew their pity, but for what?
They made them pay triple for what they got,
But what they got Thirlestons stood not for to pay double;
But these peasants made him to pay twice triple,
Because these Harbours where their Ship rod still,
Belong'd to men which in that Town did dwell,

At Thirlston's request they did send a man,
 To possess the Crew in that hospitable Den,
 With a brazen Kettle, and a wooden Dish,
 To serve their need, and dress their flesh and fish:
 Then from the fleshers they brought Lamb and sheep,
 Ale from the Ostler-house, and besoms for to sweep;
 Their Cottage for want of usage was moisty,
 Myrish, sluggish and dusty,
 There twenty days they did roast, boil and broil,
 And toyl and moyle, and keep a noble coyle:
 For only they kept open house alone,
 And he that wanted Beef, might eat a Stone,
 Their Grand-dame Earth with beds did all befriend them;
 And bountiffully all their lengths did lend them;
 That laughing, or else lying down did make,
 Their backs and sides sore, and their ribs to ake;
 Mean time in the Town Thirlston did remain;
 His Lodging was little better than them:
 On Saturday the winds did seem to cease,
 And brawling Seas began to hold their peace:
 Then they like tennents, beggarly and poor,
 Intended to leave the key beneath the door:
 But that the Land-lord did that shift prevent,
 Who came in pudding-time and took his Rent:
 Then Thirlston came before the Sun was peeping,
 They lanch'd to sea, and left their house keeping,
 When presently they saw the drifting skyes,
 Grin pout and lowr and winds and seas 'gain ryls,
 Countrey-men with Thirlston go by Land,
 To a Harbour that was near at hand;
 The name of it was Fresenbered,
 And there their Ship might by report, be reared:

But their council was not worth a Plack;
He'd never leave the Ship, to ride on horses back;
Yet Fortune brought them to the Harbour there,
Where that their Ship they somewhat did repair,
And then to Sea, with mounted sails on hie,
They bound for Scotland, and left Norway:
There was but small amendment all that time,
The weather was much in one kind.
The wind and weather plaid on each so wild,
As if they meant not to be reconcil'd;
She, whilst they leapt upon these liquid hills,
Where Purpoises did shew their Phins and Gills:
Yet after that both water, wind and seas,
And a pleasant Gale blew from the North North-east,
Æolus and Neptun privat, and no way brief;
By providence they did arrive at Leith.
That troublesome toilsome Journey, to be brief,
Fifteen weeks was between London and Leith.
To all Ages it should ne're be forgot,
The pains that Patrick Scot of Thirlston took.
Æneas on Anchises he took pains enough,
But Patrick Scot he took more of the Earl of Buckcleugh;
All that men can do, when Princes do command,
Their Loyalty to show, and venture Life and Land:
I have known many on Buckcleughs means was bred,
Yet one night, from home, they never lay from Bed.

The End of the first Part.

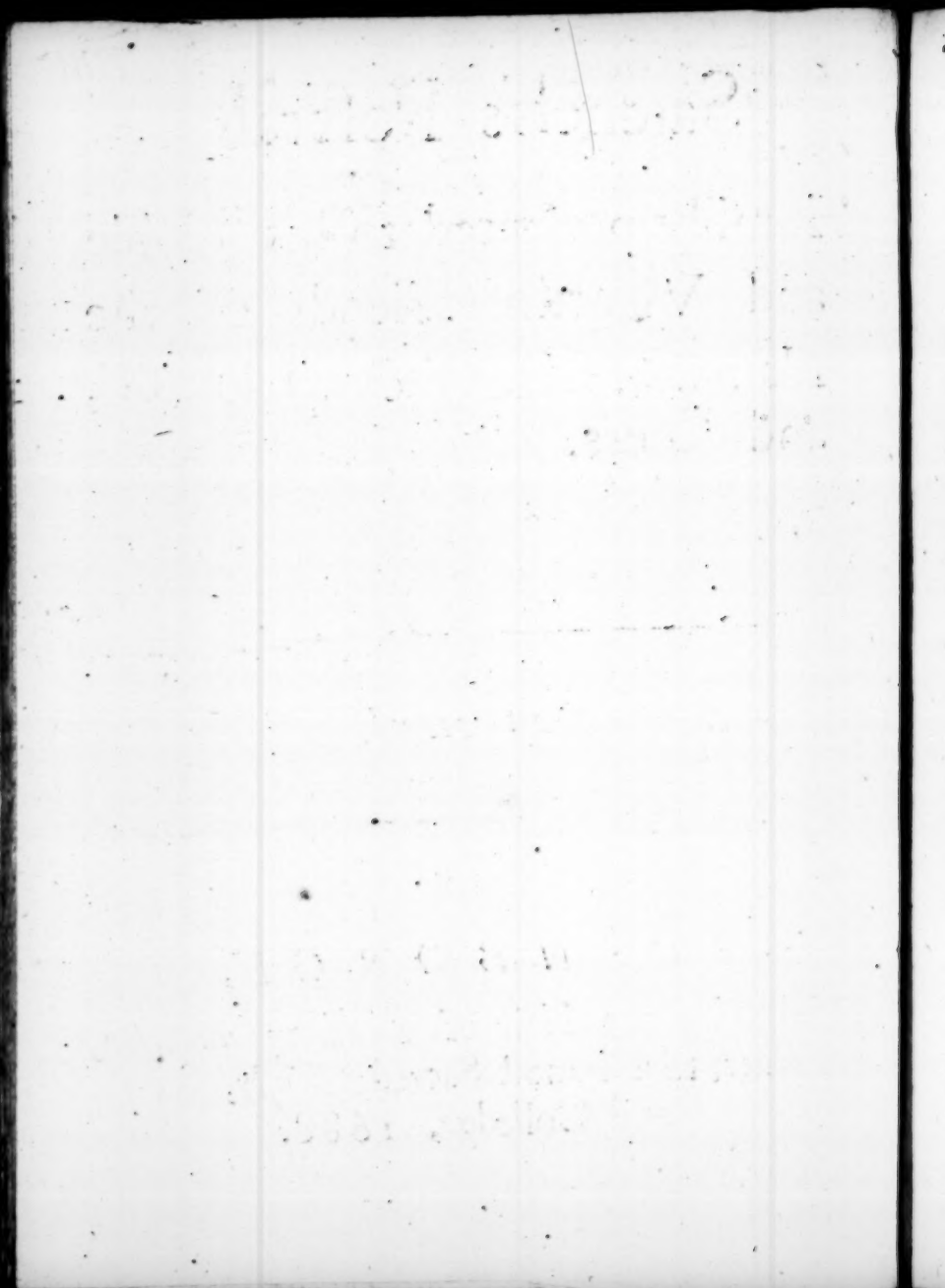
221-
Satchels's Postrah,

Humbly presented to his Noble
and VVorthy Friends of the
Names of SCOT & ELLIOT,
and others.

Part Second,

EDINBURGH,

Printed by the Heir of *Andrew Anderson*,
Printer to His most Sacred Majesty, City
and Colledge, 1688.



22

To the truly Worthy Honourable and Right Worshipful
Sir Francis Scot of Thirlston Knight-Baronet, wishes
Earths Honour and Heavens Happines.

THis Book, good Sir, the Issue of my Brain,
Though far unworthy of your worthy view,
In hope ye gently it will intertain,
Yet I in duty offer it to you;
Although the Method and the Phrase be plain,
Not Art, like Writ, as to the Stile is due,
And truth I know your favour will obtain;
The many favours I have had from you,
Hath forc'd me thus to show my thankful Mind,
And of all faults I know no vice so bad,
And hateful as ungratefully inclin'd,
A thankful Heart is all a poor mans Wealth,
Which with this Book I give your worthy self:
I humbly crave your Worthiness excuse,
This boldness of my poor unlearned Muse,
That hath presum'd so high a pitch to fly,
In praise of Vertue and Gentility:
I know this Task's most fit for learned men;
For Homer, Ovid, or for Virgil's Pen;
These Lines I have presum'd to Dite,
It's known to your Honour I could never Write.

Your Honours most obedient Servant,
WALTER SCOT of Satchels.

Satchels's Post'ral:

*Humbly presented, to his Noble and Worthby
Friends of the Names of Scot and Elliot.*

When restless Phœbus seem'd himself to rest,
His flaming Car descending to the West;
And high Spyro obscured his twinckling Light,
Then in a Sable Mantle Madam Night,
Took of the World the sole command and keep,
Charging the eyes of mortals fast asleep:
She send dull Morphæus forth; and summons both,
The Ledeian Potentates of sleep and slouth,
Who unto every one good rest imparts,
Save Lovers guilty minds, and careful hearts,
The stealing houres crep't on with sleeping pace;
When masked mid-night shewed her ebon'd face,
When Hags and Furies, Witches, Faries, Elfs,
Ghosts, Sp'rits and Goblins do separat themselves,
When fond imaginary Dreams do reign,
In formless forms, in mens molested brain,
An un-accustomed Dream came in my head;
I thought as it were near by a River-side;
Within a pleasant Grove I did abide,
That all the feathered Birds that sweems and flees,
Betwixt the breeding Earth and skyes,
One at the least of every several sort,

K

Did

Did for their recreation there resort,
 Then there was such varieties of Notes,
 Such whirling and such whistling from their throats,
 The baefts, the tenor, treble and the main,
 All aſſing various aſſions in one ſtrain.
 I thought twenty four Shepherds did draw near, 2
 To hear the Muſick of that feath'ed Quire;
 Theſe feath'ed ſidlers change their Notes moſt ſweet,
 And lull'd Apollos Daughters faſt aſleep,
 Mean time the Shepherds tript upon the mould;
 Their Flocks they did remain in Cupids Fold,
 And the four and twenty did appear,
 In three Squadrons, like martial men of wear:
 If that my memory fail me not,
 They were Friends and Kindred of the Name of Scot:
 It's my happy hap to be
 Of theſe Scots Relations,
 Therefore I'll dyte their Pedegree
 To the eight or ninth Generations.

TO ſpeak the truth, no man ſhall me controul;
 Of worthy Garrenberry, Rennal-burn and Wall,
 Todrick, and Gilmans-cleugh, they were in my Dream,
 And good Graſs-yeards, and Adam in Delorian,
 William in Milſintoun, a Gentleman of Note;
 And worthy Gaudy-lands, and Wauchops Walter Scot,
 Sheills-wood and Langup alſo did appear,
 And Henry Scot of Pallace-hill he call'd up the rear;
 Theſe appeared to be Scots, who in the firſt Squad came;
 The ſecond Squad was Elliots, I was not ſo well acquaint with them.
 The ſecond Squad that appeared all into my Dream,
 Was the Name of Elliot, and all fine Gentlemen,

I am not vers'd to know from whence they came,
 But sure at first they seem'd most from La's distoun,
 Except John Elliot, where I have had good Cheir;
 That dwells in Unthank, he's Brother to Dunlibire,
 The rest of their Pedegree, I know them not,
 Except Bewly and Muckildean that's related to Scot.

The third Squad are men that's void of harms,
 For they are Shepherds Swains trained up from Bairns,
 It is their daily Exercise and Gain,
 To tend all sort of Sheep, VVeather Ew and Ram,
 That name of Shepherd Swain came first from Greece;
 As plainly doth appear, by Jasons Golden Fleece;
 Although it be not well, I caus'd insert'c with speed,
 The faillings of a Fowl, it is no cause of feed,
 Sage wisdom should accept the VVill for the Deed;
 Had I Ovids Muse, and Virgils Vein,
 And wit to use Ulysses Pen,
 T'extoll these Shepherds Swains, I would incline,
 From Titan's rise, according to my Dream.
 To John Elliot in Unthank in a Storm, I came late,
 But now to Henry of Hare-wood I mind for to skip,
 And to his Brother John, and John of Thorlee hope,
 To see VVilliam Elliot of Swin-side, it is my full desire,
 And good John Elliot in Unthank that's brother to Dunlibyre,
 VValter Elliot of Erkelton, he is a man of Note,
 So is Muckildean his Brother, he's son to Janet Scot,
 Robert Elliot in Diussies, the Laird of Clacks his Frier,
 And good VVilliam Elliot of Bewly, he drives up the rear;
 The Rear's the second place, if Souldiers be but stout,
 He is sure to have the Van, if the word be face about,
 This was the second Squad appeared into my Dream.

This is the third conscienious Squad,
My Author doth me assure,
Although they be but Shepherd Swains,
They do relieve the Poor;
As for John Grieve in Garwold,
He keeps both Board and Bed,
So doth James Grieve in Lennup,
And the Grievs on Common-side:
And it is true, John Robertson,
Is a Comerad good enough,
And for House-keeping he excels,
He dwells in Cauterscleugh;
Wheat-bread, Salt-beef, Mutton, and old Cheese,
I rydding by, he did my hunger ease,
With Capon, and Lamb, Brandy and good Ale,
He feasted me in May, as I had been an Earl:
George Curror in Hartwood-myres,
He is a Religious Man;
So is Michael Andison in Annalshope,
And his Brother John in Thirlston,
John Tod that dwells in Tushilaw
Can many Sheep afford;
And Thomas Anderson is not smal,
That dwells in the How-foord.
Unto my Dream, these were the Men,
Which did appear to me,
They were four and twenty at the first,
But since I've added three.

Dedicated to the Right Honourable Walter Earl of Tarras.

My Lord,

THe lives and deaths of Knights, Lords and Earls,
 This little Book unto your Honour tells,
 Protection and acceptance if you give,
 It shall, as shall your self, for ever live.
 Of all the VVonders this vile VVorld includes,
 I muse how Flatt'ry such high Favour gains,
 How Adulation cunningly deludes
 Both high and low from Scepter to the Swain,
 But if thou by Flattery could'st obtain,
 More than the most that is possess'd by men,
 Thou could'st not tune thy tongue to falsehood strain,
 Yet with the best can use both tongue and pen,
 Thy secret Learning can both scan and ken,
 The hidden things of Nature and of Art,
 It's thou hast rais'd me from Oblivions Den,
 And made my Muse from obscure Sleep to start;
 And to your Honours censure I commit,
 The first-born Issue of my worthless Wit;
 Fresh-water Souldiers sails in shallow Streams,
 And Leith-wynd Captains venture not their lives,
 A Brain disturb'd brings furth idle Dreams,
 And gilded Sheaths have seldom golden Knives,
 And painted Faces none but Fools bewitch,
 My Muse is plain, but witty fair and rich:
 VVhen thou didst first to Agnanipa soar,
 VVithout thy knowledge as I surely think,
 VVhere Grace and Nature filling up thy Fountain,
 My Muse came flowing from Parnassus Mountain,

So

So long may she flow as it to thee is fit,
The boundless Ocean of a Christian wit;
For VVit, Reason, Grace, Religion, Nature, Zeal,
VVrought altogether in thy working Brain,
And to thy VVork did set this certain Seal,
Pure is the Colour that will take no stain:
My Lord, although I do transgress,
You know that I did never yet profess,
Until this time in print to be a Poet,
And now to exercise my VVit I show it;
View but the Intrals of this little Book,
And you will say that I some pains have took,
Pains mix'd with Pleasure, Pleasure joynd with Pain,
Produc'd this Issue of my labouring Brain.
My dear Lord, to you I owe a countless Debt,
VVhich though I ever pay, will ne're be payed.
'Tis not base Coyn, subject to Cankers fret,
If so in time my Debt might be defray'd,
But this my Debt I would have all Men know,
Is Love, the more I pay the more I owe;
VVit, Learning, Honesty, and all good parts,
Hath so possess'd thy Body and thy Mind,
That covetously thou steals away mens Hearts,
Yet 'gainst thy Shaft there's never one repay'd:
My Heart, that is my greatest worldlie Pelf,
Shall ever be for thee as for my self;
Thou that in idle adulating words,
Canst never please the humors of these days,
That greatest VVorks with smallest Speech afford,
VVhose wit the Rules of VVisdoms love obeys,
In few words then, I wish that thou may'st be,
As well belov'd of all men as of me.

To Vertue and to Honour once in Rome,
 Two stately Temples there erected was,
 Where none might into Honours Temple come,
 But first through Vertues Temple they must pass;
 Which was an Emblem and an Document,
 That Men by Vertue must true Honour win;
 And how that Honour shall be permanent,
 Which only did from Vertue first begin.
 Could Envy die if Honour were deceas'd,
 She could not live for Honours Envys food;
 She lives by sucking of the noble blood,
 And scales the lofty top of Fames high Crest,
 Base thoughts compacted in the Objects breast;
 The meager Monster doth neither harm nor good;
 But like the wain, or wax, or ebb, or flood,
 She shuns as what her age doth most detaste,
 Where Heaven-bred Honour in the noble Mind,
 From out the Cavern of the Breast proceeds,
 There Hell-born Envy shews her hellish kind,
 And Vulture-like upon the Actions feed,
 But here's the odds, that Honours-Tree shall grow,
 When Envy's rotten Stump shall burn in low.

My Lord, I know your Honour knows,
 That I must speak the truth;
 John Scot he was a Natural son;
 To Walter Earl of Buckcleugh,
 Begot on Madam Drummond;
 A noble Lady by birth,
 By Kindred Cousin-german
 To the Right Honourable Earl of Perth:
 He promis'd her Wedlock, and prov'd unto her so,
 As Prince Æneas did to the Carthage Queen Did.

But yet let their Succession
 Live still in Memorie,
 He was a worthy valiant Squire;
 John Scot of Gorinberrie,
 At the Beauty of all the nine,
 He hit the Mark,
 And Married Sir John Riddels Daughter,
 Knight Barron, and Barronet;
 And betwixt these Worthy Couple, procreat there be,
 This present Francis Scot, the good Laird of Gorinberry,
 He hath gain'd the constant and true Penelopy,
 He's married to Sir John Wachops Daughter
 That Old Barron of Niddrie,
 Whose Names and Fames, Birth and Antiquity,
 Surpasses many Ladies of some Nobility,
 I have declared the Family,
 Of the worthy Lairds of Gorinberry,
 And hopes his Honour thinks no shame,
 For to be call'd a Shepherds Swain.

Our Father Adam's second son a Prince,
 As great as any man begotten since,
 Yet in his Function he a Shepherd was,
 And so his mortal Pilgrimage did pass,
 And in the sacred Text it is compil'd,
 That he that's Father of the Faithful stil'd,
 Did as a Shepherd live upon th' increase
 Of Sheep on Earth until his days did cease,
 And in these days it was apparent then,
 Abel and Abram both were Noblemen:
 The one obtain'd his title righteously,
 For his unfeigned serving the most High,
 He first did offer Sheep, which on Record,

Was Sacrifice accepted of the Lord,
 Since Patriarchs were Shepherds,
 In Arcadia, and Greece;
 I wish the Wool in Etherston-sheills,
 May grow like Jafons Fleece.

*Dedicated to the very Honourable, and Right-worshipful, Sir Francis
 Scot of Thirlston.*

SIr, my weak Collections out hath took,
 The Sum and Pith of sundry Chronicle-books;
 For Pardon and Protection I intreat,
 The Volumn's little, but my presumption's great.

Sir, since all memorandums of fore-past Ages,
 Sayings, and Sentences of Antient Sages,
 The Glory of Apollos radiant chine,
 The Supporter of the sacred Sisters nyne,
 The Attullus that all Historians do bear,
 Throughout the World, here and every where;
 Who ever went behind you, I would ken,
 Whose worth throughout the spacious Nation ring,
 Since Rennal-burn your Worships Kins-man near,
 He hath those Sheep which Golden-Fleeces wear;
 And it may be, it is such Beast and Fleece;
 Which Jason brought from Cholcos into Greece,
 John Scot the Squire of Newburgh-hall,
Alias of Rennal-burn as men him call.
 To the first John Scot of Rennal-burn late,
 He was the Son, and Heir to his Estate,
 Who was the Son of that Sir John Scot of worth,
 The Prince of Poets, and Knight of New-burgh,
 Chancer Glovet, and Sir Thomas Moir,
 And Sir Philip Sidney, who the Lawral wear:

L

They

They never had a more Poetical Vein,
Than New-burgh's John, that was Mr. Arthurs Son.
And Mr. Arthur was a learned Man,
Son to Simon Scot of Newburgh than.
This Simon Scot's call'd Simon with the Spear,
Tutor of Thirlston was, both for Peace and Wear,
That Simon Scot, a bold and resolute Man,
He was Son to John Scot of Thirlston;
John Scot of Thirlston,
My Guid-sir let me knaw.
He was Son to David Scot of Howpasslaw,
That David Scot he did excell,
Amongst all Hunters he bore the Bell;
He did abound for wit and skill;
All his Associats did wear a Tod-tail;
Which they esteem most by their engadges,
More than French gallants do of their Plumages.
David of Howpasslaw, he was the Son
Of the first Sir Walter, e're was of that Roum,
He was a man of Credit and Renown,
He Married Elliot Daughter to the Laird of Lariston,
David of Howpasslaw, Sir Walters Son,
He married with Scot, a Daughter of Robertoun,
His Son John Scot of Thirlston, a man of worth,
He married Scot, the Daughter of the Laird of Allenhaugh.
Johns Son, Robert, was Warden in his time,
The fight of Roberts-hill he did gain,
He for his King, and Countrey, did maintain the Truth;
He married Scot, Daughter to the Laird of Buckcleugh,
The first Sir Robert Scot of Thirlston was his Son,
He married Margaret, daughter to the Laird of Cranston,
Sir Robert Scot his Son, for whose death I mourn,

He

He married Lyon, daughter to the Master of Kinghorn. 220
His death was sad to all his near Relations,

A worthy man was he,
And died without Succession:
Then Patrick Scot, his Father-Brother Son,
Took on the designation of Thirlston,
A very worthy Courteous man was he,
He married Murray daughter to the Laird of Black-barony,
His Son Sir Francis Scot, Knight-barronet of Thirlston,
Is now married to Ker, daughter to William Earl of Louthian.
Of his Genealogy I said enough,
His Original it is of Buckcleugh;
Yet were it no more but so I dare be bold,
To think this Land doth many Jasons hold;
Who never yet did pass a dangerous wave,
Yet may with ease its Golden Fleeces have.
My Httle Book whoſo doth intertain,
It's dedicat to none but Gentlemen;
Sometimes to Old, sometimes to Young,
Sometimes to the Father, sometimes to the Son,
Sometimes to the great, sometimes to the small,
So my Book it keeps no rule at all.

*Dedicated to that worthy and compleat Gentleman, Robert Scot,
second Son to Sir William Scot of Hardin.*

UNlearned Azo, Store of Books hath bought,
Because a Learned Schollar he'l be thought,
counsel'd him that had of Books such store;
To buy Pypes, Flutes, the Viol and Bandore,
And then his Musick, and his Learning share,
Being both alike, with either might compare,
He did both beat his brain, and try his wit,]

In hopes thereby to please the Multitude ;
As soon may ride a Horse without a Bit,
Above the Moon or Suns high altitude ;
Then neither flattery, nor the hope of Pelf,
Hath made mewrit, but for to please my self :
Thoug Sin and Hell work mortals to betray,
Yet 'gainst thy Malice, God still arms thy way ;
Thou canst behave amongst those Banks and Briers,
As well as he who to Cedars-top aspires,
Or to the lowest Cherub, or Branch of Broom,
That hath its breeding from Earths stumbling womb.
And now I talk of Broom, of Shrubs and Cedars,
Me thinks a World of Trees, are now my Leaders.
To prosecute this travel made with pain,
And make Comparison betwixt Trees and Men ;
The Cedars, and the High-clouds kissing Pines,
Fœcunds, Olives, and the crooked Vines,
The Elm, the Esk, the Oak, the mastie Beech,
The Pear, the Apple, and the rough gound Peach ;
And many more, for it would tedious be,
To name each fruitful and unfruitful Tree.
For to proceed, and shew how Men and Trees,
In Birth, and Breed, in Life and Death agrees.
In their beginning they have both one Birth,
Both have their natural being from the Earth ;
Those that scape Fortune, and the extreame of Love,
Unto their longest home by Death are drove,
Where Cæsars, Kefars, subjects objects most,
Be all alike consum'd to dirt and dust :
Death endeth all our cares, or cares increase,
It sends us unto lasting pain, or bless ;
Where Honor is with Noble Vertue mixt ;

It like a Rock stands permanent and fixt.
 The snares of Envy, or her traps of hate,
 Could never, nor shall ever hurt that state.
 Like Adamant it beats back the battery,
 Of spiteful Malice, and deceiving flattery.
 For it with pride can never be infected,
 But humbly is supernally protected;
 A Supporter, or Prop I wish Robert be,
 As Rowlin call'd Robert was to Normandy.
 Robert call'd John-Fernyear was in Scotland,
 So was Robert Bruce his revenging powerful hand.
 I wish thee Health, Wealth and Renown,
 Without any expectation of a Crown:
 This Dedication which to your hands takes Scop,
 Concerns a Shepherd from Will Scot of Langup,
 Whom a Prudent, Wise and civil Gentleman;
 As many that lives in this part of the Land.
 Who sprung from a worthy Stock of late,
 Who was named John Scot of Langup,
 Who was the Son, I very well knew,
 Of John Scot of Headshaw;
 And John Scot, we all do ken,
 Was Son to George Scot of Sinton.
 And George Scot, called How-coat,
 Was Son of Sintons youngest VVat;
 And young VVat was VValters Son,
 That was Laird of Sinton, whence Hardin sprung,
 And Walter he was George Son,
 And George he was the Son of John,
 For Walter and William was two Brether,
 His Name was George that was their Father;
 My memory is Lord-keeper of my Treasure,

And

And great understanding gives true Justice measure,
 To good, to bad, to just and to unjust,
 Invention and Remembrance waits the leasure,
 Of memory and understanding most,
 Hath wisdom for her fellow and her guide;
 Else Princes, Peers, and Commons stray aside:
 For William Scot in our south part of Greeces,
 I wish may ne're want such as Jafons Golden Fleeces;

*Dedicated to the Worthy and well-accomplished Gentleman, William
 Scot of Raesburn.*

THe Justice, Mercy, and the Might I sing,
 Of Heavens Just; Merciful, Almighty King,
 By whose fore-knowledge all things were elected,
 Whose power hath all things made, and all projected;
 Whose Mercies flood hath quencht his Justice Flame,
 Who is, shall be, one, and still the same.
 Who in the Prime, when all things first began,
 Made all for Man, and for Himself made Man:
 Made, not begotten, or of humane Birth,
 No Seir but God, no Mother but the Earth,
 Who ne're knew Child-hood, or the Sucking-teat,
 But at the first was made a Man compleat;
 Whose inward Soul in God-like form did shine,
 As Image of the Majesty Divine;
 Whose Super-natural wisdom beyond nature,
 Did name each sensible and sensles Creature;
 And from whose Star-like, Sand-like Generation,
 Sprung every Kindred, Kingdom, Tribe and Nation.
 All People then one Language spoke alone,
 Interpreters the World then needed none,
 There lived then no learned deep Grammarians,

There

There was no Turks, no Scythians, nor Tartarians;
 Then all was one, and one was only one,
 The Language of the universal Ball,
 Then if a Traveller had gone as far,
 As from the Artick to the Antartick Star,
 If he from Boreas into Auster went,
 Or from the Orient to the Occident,
 VVhich way so ever he did turn or wind,
 He had been sure his Country-man to find,
 One hundred thirty Winters since the Flood,
 The Earth one only Language understood,
 Untill the Son of Cush, the Son of Cham,
 A proud Cloud-scaling Tower began to frame,
 Trusting, that if the World again were drown'd;
 He in his lofty building might rest sound,
 All future Floods he purpos'd to prevent,
 Aspyring to Heavens glorious Battlement,
 But High-Jehovah with a Puff was able,
 To make ambitions Babel but a Bable.
 These Shepherd Swains, I send into your view,
 Are thirty one, a very worthy Crew;
 Fifteen of them are Gentlemen of Note,
 All of the renown'd Name of Scot;
 Whereof Henry Scot in Palishil is one,
 The youngest Shepherd Swain of all the name:
 He's natural Son unto that bold Barron.
 Sir John Scot the Knight of Ancrum;
 Both wealth and wisdom his Father doth embrace,
 And he abounds in Jasons Golden Fleece.

Dedicated

— *Dedicated to the illustrious and worthy Gentleman, Thomas Scot
of Whitflade.*

Most worthy Sir, I have with pain and labour took,
To search some Histories for this little Book,
I have it all gathered from thence,
Especially things of greatest consequence;
And though the Volumn, and the Work be small,
Yet it does contain the sum of all;
To you I give it with a Heart most fervent,
And rests your humble and obedient Servant.

For Shepherd Swains they have been long
The Glory of their Land,
The best of men has been a Swain,
Behold brave Tammerlane;
Then Walter Scot now of Todrick,
Since thou'rt a Gentleman,
I'm sure thou'll not offended be,
To be call'd a Shepherds Swain;
Thy Father Thomas did the like,
Since he to Todrick came:

Thomas thy Good-fir was a Swain,
When he from Whitflade sprung:
Thy Grandfire brave Walter of Whitflade,
Was call'd the Hawk compleat,
A man of note and good report,
Yet had many Flocks of Sheep;
His Father Robert thy great Grandfir,
Of Stirches was design'd,
Because his Father Walter Scot
Liv'd at Whitflade, in his time
He was a worthy Gentleman,
And kept a great Menzie:
There was ninety years past o're his head

Before

Before that he did die,
 The rest of thy Genealogie,
 I can you well declare,
 They were all worthy Gentlemen;
 But I will talk no mair.

To speak of Whitflades Family,
 Or when it did begin,
 It's above two hundred years ago,
 It was in the fourteen hundred eighty seven,
 VValter the first of VVhitflade then,
 VVas Hardin's elder Brother,
 He married a fair comely Dame,
 Daughter to the Laird of Riddel;
 Robert his Father did succeed,
 In Heretages, Mains and Miln,
 And married with one Rutherford,
 Daughter to the Laird Hunthill;
 His son Walter, sharp as a Hawk,
 For Valour he did pass,
 He married with a comely Dame,
 Daughter to Cavers of Dowglas;
 His son Sir Walter Scot, if I should forget,
 I should be much to blame,
 He married with Sufanna Scot,
 Daughter to the Laird of Thirlston,
 And after her he married again,
 Which I do know for truth,
 Unto a very comely Lais,
 Sister to Sir John Scot of Newbrugh;
 His son Robert Scot of worthy note,
 Hollands Jean married he,
 Natural-daughter to Walter Lord of Buckcleugh,

M

She

She was a frugal Lady.
Sir Walter Scot brother to Robert,
He married a Lady fair,
Daughter to Sir Robert Stuart of Ormstoun,
Which is Brother to John Earl of Traquair;
Thomas his Brother did him succeed,
A man of worthy fame,
A vertuous Lady he did wed,
Madam Mitchel was her name,
Thomas his son doth now remain,
The eight Laird of that part,
He's married to a frugal Dame,
Daughter to Sir John Hay of Park.
Thomas the last that of Whitlade we lost,
Was a man of good esteem,
He departed in the year of Grace,
Sixteen hundred and seventy one.
Sir Walter Scot his brother, that
At Innerkeithing was slain,
It was into the year of Grace,
Sixteen hundred and fifty one;
His brother Robert that bold Baron;
It was an woful hour,
At Yorks great Fight he lost his life,
In the sixteen hundred and fourty four.
Their Father brave Sir Walter Scot,
The chief of Chivalry,
In the sixteen hundred twenty eight year,
At Whitlade he did die.
Of Whitlades worthy Family,
I will no further dote,
For he does know assuredly,

I can neither Read nor Write.

Ulyſſes was a happy man of men,
In that his acts were writ with Homer's pen;
And Virgil wrote the Actions of the glory,
Of brave Æneas and his wandering Story;
The Shepherds live, and thus they end their lives,
With good and brave and juſt prerogatives.

*Dedicated to that worthy Gentleman, John Scot of Wall, Brother-
german to Sir William Scot of Hardin elder.*

MOſt worthy Sir, Into your hands I give,
The ſum of that which makes me be ſo brief,
I humbly crave acceptance at your hand,
And reſts your Servant ever to command.

Since I've begun, I hope to make an end,
And as I can my Shepherd Swains defend,
For Walter Scot of Wall,
Theſe Lines I do deſign;
For there are many Gallants
That have Shepherds been;
Romes fond Romulus was bred and fed,
'Mongſt Shepherds where his youthful days he led.
The Perſian Monarch Cyrus he did paſs,
His youth with Shepherds, and a Shepherd was,
Wherefore I humbly thee intreat,
If I do call thee Shepherd, not to fret;
For I know ye are all Gentlemen,
To the ſeventh or eight Generation:
And I will do to you that I'll not do to others;
For I'll deſcribe you both your Fathers and Mothers;
Be cauſe erroneous Liars the old Famil; did not ken,
Call'd Harden, this and that ſaid, they're not Gentlemen;

M 2

VVherefore

Wherefore I will at William begin,
Brother-german to Walter of Sinton,
Who was a man of great command,
He enjoy'd all Sinton's Lordship,
And the Beat-up Land;
He was the son of George
Who did enjoy the same,
So did his Father, his name was John:
George left his second son, it is most clear,
'Twixt four and five thousand merks a year,
Into that Possession at that time,
I know not what Charter and Evidence was then:
Yet to let misbelieving people ken,
These Lands as they ly I will design,
Therefore William was a valiant man,
Who was the first Laird of Hardin:
In his possession he had then no less
Nor Hardin, Totshaw, Mebenlaw, and High-chesters,
With Todrick, which good Sheep afford,
VVeſter-Eſſenſide, Burn-foot and Sheils-wood,
These were the Lands I do explain,
That George of Sinton gave his son VVilliam,
VVhy should ramping Liars blast his Fame,
And ſay that he was not a Gentleman;
He wanted nothing of Gentry,
But only the title of Dignitie:
The first Lady that he did gain,
VVas daughter to the Baron of Chiſim,
Then in Hardin place he did ſit down,
And on her there begat one onely ſon;
For within ſhort proceſs of ſwift time,
She dy'd ere ſhe came to her prime:
The Laird a Widdower did remain,

How

How long a time, I do not ken;
 But his Son he grew up to be a Man,
 The first Walter Scot of Hardin:
 Then Hardin did to Riddel ride,
 The old Laird of Riddel being dead,
 In suit of his Reli& there came he,
 She was a Daughter of Fairnilie;
 She was a fair and beauteous Dame;
 And at that time she was but young,
 Her beauty others did excel,
 She had one Daughter to Riddel,
 Brave William Scot he did her gain,
 They had not long been in that Roum,
 While the Ladies Daughter married the Lairds Son;
 Then they left the young Folk in Hardin,
 And the old Folk in Todrick they sat down,
 And there they did two Sons beget,
 Robert of Burn-foot, and George of Todrick,
 And both of them prov'd stout able men,
 They were the first Cadents come of Hardin.
 Now to the Young Folks I return,
 The Laird and Lady of Hardin,
 Betwixt them was procreat a Son,
 Call'd William Bolt-foot of Hardin;
 He did survive to be a Man,
 And then to the Fairnilie he came;
 And Fairnilies Daughter he did wedd;
 For they were related by Kindred:
 Betwixt them two was Procreat,
 The stout and Valiant Walter Scot,
 Of Hardin, who can never dy,
 But live by Fame to the tenth Degree:
 He became both able, strong and stout,

Married

Married Philips Daughter, Squire of Dryhope,
Which was an antient Family,
And many broad Lands enjoyed he ;
Betwixt these Scots was procreat,
That much renown'd Sir William Scot:
I need not to explain his Name,
Because he ever lives by Fame:
He was a Man of Port and Rank,
He married Sir Gideon Murrays daughter of Elibank ;
Betwixt them there was procreat,
This old Sir William that's living yet :
This old Sir William married
A sister of the house of Boyd,
And there's procreat them betwixt,
Sir William Scot, now call'd youngest,
Because his Father does remain ;
Therefore he's call'd young Sir William ;
And young Sir William married,
The only daughter of Sir John Nisbit ;
He late was Advocat to the King,
And now is call'd Lord Dirltoun :
This Genealogie is true,
And the old was as good as the new.
Now worthy Wall, I wish thee Life and Health,
Hoping thou'lt ne're marry inferior to thy self ;
Yet Ambition, Pomp, and Hell-begotten Pride,
And damn'd adulation thou wilt still deride ;
The Complemental flattery of Kings Courts,
I hope shall ne're be mixt amidst thy sports ;
For Homer was the Prime of Poets stil'd,
And worthy Actions still he did compile ;
That he did both in Arcadia and Greece,
Extol the Shepherds with Jasons Golden Fleece.

*Dedicated to the Honourable and well accomplished Gentleman, Sir
William Scot of Hardin Knight.*

U Nto the proſpect of your Wiſdoms eyes,
I conſecrat theſe ſilly Lines,
Not that I think them worthy of your view,
But, becauſe in Love my thoughts are bound to you;
I do confeſs my Self unworthy far,
To dote in ſuch like caſes as they are;
Which, Homer, Virgil, nor the fluent Tullie;
In fitting terms could ſcarce expreſs them fully:
For Francis Scot of Gillmans-cleugh,
To you I do commend,
In hopes your Worſhip ſtill will be his Friend,
The Son of John, the Son of Robert, call'd Truth;
Who was the Son of James,
The firſt of Gillmans-cleugh,
A valiant Gentleman, who well deſerv'd renown,
He was the youngſt Son to John Scot of Thirlſton;
The which John Scot he did excell,
Being Son to David with the Tods-tail;
And David Scot, my Author let me know,
He was Son to Walter of Howpaſlaw:
Sir Walter, he was Williams Son,
Of the worthy Houſe of Buckleugh he ſprung,
The Lads in Gillmans-cleugh,
In hunting did excell;
So did their Father David,
That carried the Tods-tail,
Who had as much delight,
In hunting of that Beaſt,
As Jaſon had in Greece
To bear the Golden-fleece.

Dedi-

Dedicated to the Right Honourable, Sir John Scot of Ancrum Knight, wishes Mirth and Happiness be still your attendance.

THe Guns proclaim'd aloud on every Hill,
 The joyful acclamations of the Scots People;
 The which did Thunder with so high a strain,
 As if Great Mars they meant to entertain:
 True Mirth and Gladness was to every Face,
 And Healths run bravely round in every place;
 That sure I think the seventh day of *July*,
 At the Reid-swair should ne're forgotten be;
 That was a day to his everlasting Fame,
 The valiant Laird Wat brought in the worthy Name,
 That day should ever be dedicat to Mirth,
 As if it had been a Sovereign's Birth:
 VVhen valiant VVat that worthy Man,
 Brought in the Name of Scot, well to be seen;
 It was nothing ye'll say to bring them in,
 But to th'effusion of his Blood,
 He brought them back again,
 The Executors and Tutors, that hath been in our time,
 The Honour of the Scots did ne're so much proclaim:
 The old Verse I must give in,
 Though men should say I'm drunken,
 How VVat thy Guid-sir, that worthy Man,
 To the Red-swair brought his Troup,
 The seventh day of *July*, the sooth to say,
 At the Red-swair the tryst was set;
 Our Wardens they did fix a day,
 As they appointed, so they met.
 The Lord Buckleugh he was but young,

Carmichael

Carmichael was Warden in his place;
 The Laird Wat, that worthy Man,
 Commanded the Sirname with great Grace:
 Thy Pedegree is soon described,
 I think I may do it well enough.
 Thy Father Charles was Laird VVats Son,
 VVho was natural Son to Scot of Buckeleugh,
 Their Generations is formerly described,
 I need them not describe again,
 Both Walters and Williams and Sir Arthur;
 Unto the ninth Generation;
 From whence such men may gather their relief,
 That though a Ram-head may be cause of grief,
 Yet nature hath a remedy found out,
 They should have Lyons hearts to bear it out;
 Though I call'd thee Shepherds Swain,
 Yet I deserve no blame;
 I hope that Jasons Golden-fleece
 VVith thee still shall remain.

*Dedicated to the Right VVorshipful, and very Honourable, and
 most Generous Gentleman, Sir VVilliam Scot of Hardinyounger.*

THe Prince of Princes, and the King of Kings,
 VVhose eye of Providence foresees all things,
 To whom, what ever was, or ever shall be,
 I present still before his Majesty,
 VVho doth dispose of all things as he list,
 And graspeth time in his eternal fist;
 He sees and knows for us what's Bad or Good,
 And all things is by him well understood,
 Mens weak conjecture no man can arreid,
 VVhat in th'eternal Parliaments decreed;

N

And

And what the Trinity concludeth there,
VVe must expect it with obedience here;
Then let not any man presume so far,
To search what the Almighty's Councils are;
But let our wills attend upon his will,
And let his will be our Direction still:
Let not Plebeians be inquisitive,
Nor into any profound State-business dive.
VVe into the thousand and sixteenth year,
Since Fergus our first King did appear,
Have many Hopeful Royal Princes had,
Who, as Heaven pleas'd to bless, were good or bad.
Fergus was the first which we had Crown'd,
For Learning, and for Wisdom high renown'd:
Beyond the Verge of Christendoms swift Fame,
Did make the World admire his Noble Name.
A hundred and Eleven Kings we have had sincefyne,
Whereof one of them was a Queen;
Their valour and triumphant Victories,
Have fill'd the World, and mounts into the Skyes:
As Kenneth the second, that King of victory,
And Gregorius Magnus, whose Fame can never dye.
Robertus Brucius, that King of high Renown,
King James the sixth, that united the three Crowns;
These victorious Princes govern'd well,
But more has been of the contrair strain;
Love sometimes made the gods themselves disguise,
And muffle up their mighty Deities,
And vertuous Princes of the gods have odds,
When Princes goodness doth out-go the gods,
I'm a foolish man, this is no work of mine,
It's an operation of the Power Divine.
Let God alone, for what he hath in hand;

It's faucie, folly and madnes to withstand,
 What his eternal Wisdom hath decreed,
 Who better knows than we do, what we need.
 To him let's pray for his most safe Protection,
 Him we implore for his most sure Direction,
 Let his assistance be the seventh King James's Guido,
 That in the end God may be glorified.
 Let us amendment in our lives express,
 And let our Thanks be more, our Sins be less.
 Thy Cusing William Scot in Milington,
 He is an Gentleman,
 Come of a worthy Family,
 For he from Whitlade sprung,
 Of his Brother Todrick I have writ,
 And given a true Relation,
 Of his most worthy Pedegree,
 Unto the seventh or ninth Generation;
 Therefore it is needles unto me,
 To writ them over again,
 For if I please, I could revise
 Them to the fifteen Generation.
 According to my Dream, he is the Shepherds Swain,
 I hope Jasons Golden Fleece with him shall still remain.

*Dedicated to the very Worshipfull, and much honoured Generous
 Gentlemen, Hugh Scot of Gallow-shiells, and VValter Scot
 in VVauchop.*

O! For a Quil of that Arabian wing,
 That's hatch't in Embers of some kindled fire,
 VVho to her self, herself doth issue bring,
 And three in one is young, and Dame and Sier:
 O! that I could to Virgils Vein aspire,

Or Homers Verse, the Golden Language Greek,
VVith polish'd Phrases, I my Lines would tire,
Into the deep of Art my Muse should seek,
Mean time amongst the vulgar she must throng,
Because she hath no help from my unlearned tongue;
Great is the Glory of the Noble Mind,
VVhere Life and Death are equal in respect,
If Fates be good or bad, unkind, or kind;
Not proud in Freedom, nor in Thrall deject,
VVith courage scorning fortunes worst effect,
And spitting in fond Envies cankered Face,
True Honour thus doth baser thoughts deject;
Esteeming Life a slave that serves disgrace,
Foul abject thoughts become the mind that's base,
That deems there is no better life nor this,
Or after death doth fear a worser place,
VVhere guilt is payed the guardian of a miss;
But let swoln Envy swell until she burst,
The Noble Mind defies her, do her worst;
If Homers Verse in Greek did merit praise,
If Naso in the Latine won the bayes,
If Maro amongst the Romans did excell,
If Tosa in the testine tongue wrot well;
A Souldier that could never lead a Pen,
Shows to the eight or ninth Generation,
Although I him enrol, and call him Shepherds Swain,
Yet hereby I approve he is a Gentleman;
The Son of Adam, who was by Lot,
The Brother of the worthy Collonel Scot,
VVho died with honour at Dumbars fight,
In maintenance of King and Countries Right:
He was the Son, I know it for truth

Of

Of William Scot, Laird of Whitehaugh,
 And William Scot was the eldest son
 Of Walter Scot, stil'd of the same;
 Walter Scot was Robert's son,
 And Robert he was Walter's son:
 The first of Whitehaugh that from Borthwick sprung;
 That *Wat* of Whitehaugh was Cousin-german,
 To John of Borthwick, who fasted so long,
 Three sundry times he did perform
 To fast fourty days, I do aver;
 Bishop Spotswood, my Author is he,
 A profound learn'd Prelat that would not lie:
 When James the fifth he was Scotlands King,
 In the Castle of Edinburgh he incarcer'd him,
 And would not believe the Country says,
 That any Mortal could fast fourty days;
 Bear-bread and Water the King allow'd for his Meat,
 But John Scot refus'd, and would not eat:
 When the fourty days were come and gone,
 He was a great deal lustier than when he began.
 Then of the King he did presume,
 To beg recommendation to the Pope of Rome,
 Where there he fasted fourty days more,
 And was neither hungry, sick, nor sore:
 From Rome he did hastily return,
 And arrived in Brittain at London,
 Where Henry the eight he got notice,
 That John Scot had fasted twice fourty dayes;
 The King would not believe he could do such thing,
 For which he commanded to incarcerate him;
 Fourty days expir'd he said he had no pain,
 Than his Fast had been but ten hours time:

Here

Here Walter Scot I'll draw near an end,
 From John of Borthwick thy Fathers did descend;
 He was the son of Walter, I have said enough,
 Their Original is from Buckcleugh,
 In the Fourscore Psalm we read;
 That like a Flock our God did Joseph lead;
 And ev'ry day we do confess almost,
 That we have err'd and stray'd like Sheep that's lost,
 For Oaths, and passing words, and joyning hands,
 Is like Assurance written in the Sands,
 The silly Sheeps-skin turn'd to Parchment thin,
 Shows that Jasons Golden Fleece with thee remains.

Dedicated to the Right Worshipful and truly Generous, my well approved good Friend, Sir Patrick Scot of Long-newton, appearant of Ancrum, Knight.

IT's such a Title of Preheminence then,
 To bear the name of Shepherds Swain,
 That David who so well his words did frame,
 Did call our great Creator by that name;
 Our bless'd Redeemer God's eternal Son,
 Whose only Merits our Salvations won,
 He did the harmless name of Shepherd take,
 For our Protection, and his Mercies sake,
 Which makes thy rest like those that restless be,
 Like one that is pursued, and cannot flee;
 Or like the bussie bussing bumbling Bee,
 Or like the fruitless naught respected Flee,
 That cuts the subtil Air so swift and fast,
 Till in the Spiders-web he's fetter'd fast.
 So falling fast asleep, and sleeping in a Dream,
 Down by that Dale which flows with Milk and Cream,

Thy

Thy dearest Dame did to thee say,
 Francis, Francis, Come away,
 I wondred when I heard that name begun,
 Francis, Francis, that was Adams son,
 And Adam in his time deserv'd no misreport,
 He was the son of Gilmanscleugh Robert,
 And Robert was a pretty Gentleman,
 The Heir to James, he was his eldest son;
 The first of Gilmanscleugh James was then,
 Who was the youngest son of Thirlston,
 And John of Thirlston I let you know,
 Was son to David Scot of Howpasslaw,
 And David Scot that worthy man,
 Was son to Sir Walter of the same,
 For Gilmanscleugh I've said enough,
 His first original is from Buckcleugh;
 Now of all Beasts that ever were or are,
 None can for goodness with a Sheep compare,
 Indeed for Bone and Burthen I must grant,
 He's much inferiour to the Elephant,
 The Drumadarie, Camel, Horse, and A's,
 For Load and Carriage doth the Sheep surpass;
 Strong Taurus, Eunuchs son, the labouring Ox,
 The stately Staig, the bobtail crafty Fox;
 These and all rav'nous Beasts of Prey must yield,
 Unto the Sheep, the honour of the Field;
 Where Sheep abounds in Scotland more or less,
 There's still a part of Jafons Golden Fleece.

*Dedicated to the Worshipful and truly Generous Gentleman, Robert
 Scot Laird of Horsliehill, son to VVilliam Scot of Horsliehill,
 who was son to Robert Scot Portioner and Baillie of Hawick,
 who*

who was son to VWilliam Scot, who was second son to the Laird of Midgup, Walter Scot of Midgup was grand-child to Adam Scot of Tushilaw, who was son to the foresaid David Scot of Howpasslaw, who was son to the first Sir Walter Scot of Howpasslaw, their original was from Buckcleugh.

A Simple Sheeps-skin proves the only ty,
 And stay whereon a World of men rely,
 VVhich hold a crew of Earth-worms in more awe,
 Than both the Tables of the secret Law;
 For as the Ram and Ewe doeth fructifie,
 And ev'ry year a Lamb doeth multiply,
 So doeth a Sheeps-skin bound make many breed,
 And procreat, as seed doth spring from seed,
 It's one mans freedom and anothers loss,
 And like the Pope, it both can bind and loose;
 Adam Scot in Delorian I do nominate,
 And for thy Generation, it cannot be forgot,
 Unto Grasse-yard thy Brother it is declar'd by me,
 VVhich may serve all that is of one Posterity:
 And in conclusion this I humbly crave,
 That ev'ry one the honesty may have,
 That when your frail Mortality is past,
 Ye may be the good Shepherds at the last;
 Be not offended at the stile of Shepherds-swain,
 For Jafons Golden Fleece is still worthy of Coyn.

Dedicated to that worthy and valiant Souldier, Captain James Scot, a Brigadier in his Majesties most Honourable Life-guard, son to Walter Scot of Tushilaw, who was son to Robert Scot of Tushilaw, who was son to Sir Walter Scot of Tushilaw, who was son to Robert Scot of Tushilaw, who was son to Adam Scot of Tushilaw.

W hose former Genealogie is already spoken,
 The Fable of the Golden Fleece began,

Because

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Because Sheep did yeeld such store of Gold to Men,
 For he that hath great store of VVoolly Fleeces,
 May when he pleases, have store of Golden Pieces;
 Honest James Scot of Sheilswood,
 Whose like there is not many,
 Whose love and piety doth feed and help so many;
 It is no doubt, but these good deeds of his,
 Will help to lift his Soul to endless bliss,
 Of his Genealogie I will speak no more,
 Because his Brother Grass-yards is set down before;
 I hope Jasons Fleece shall never from him flee,
 Because he is inclin'd to Hospitality.

*Dedicated to the worthy and much respected generous Gentleman,
 James Scot of Bristo, son to Mr. James Scot, late Parson of An-
 crum, who was Son to John Scot of Cachlack-know, who was Son
 to Walter Scot of Mount-bernger, who was Son to Robert Scot of
 Mount-bernger, who was Son to Simon Scot of Mount-bernger,
 who was Son to Simon Scot of Dryhop, who was Son to the
 Laird of Howpasslaw, whose Original is from Buckeleugh.*

MY worthy Cusing, I must to thee commend,
 Him who of his Talent surely has made ten,
 Like as Joseph did in Ægypt long remain,
 Whilst his Brether did for Food unto him come,
 So Gideon privately did live, and made no scroup,
 Whilst that his Brethren swaggred round abouts
 But now of Jasons Fleece he hath more store,
 Than ever his Brethren had before,
 This Gideon Scot he is a pretty Man,
 Amongst the rest of worthy Shepherds Swain,
 Of Outer-fidrig now he is Laird,
 He was Son to Robert of Har-wood,

O

Robert

Robert he was a worthy Man,
 He was Son to Walter of Erckletoun;
 VValter sprung from that same Stock,
 That was call'd Johri Scot of the New-wark;
 And John he was James's Son,
 My sleeping Muse is now layen down,
 But when she wakes out of her Dream,
 The rest of's Pedegree I'll explain;
 Since he and Jason is so well acquaint,
 His Golden Fleeces he has to him lent.

*Dedicated to that Generous, and well approved Gentleman, James
 Scot, Laird of Bow-hill!*

Miraculous Monsters in the British clyme,
 Monsters of nature sprung from putrid Shem,
 Sampson that pull'd the gates of Gaza down;
 Nor Libian Hercules, whose furious frown,
 Would maze strong Gyants, tame the Lyons Rage,
 Were not so strong as Gallants of this Age;
 Why you shall see an up-start cock-brain'd Jack,
 Will bear five hundred aikers on his back,
 And walk as stoutly, as if it were no Load,
 And bear it to each place of his abode;
 A Love-sick woer would a sonnet write,
 In praise of her who was his Hearts-delight,
 Hoping thereby his wished love to win,
 And to obtain it, thus he did begin.

Star of the Earth, and Empress of my Soul,
 Thy Love and Life, that doth my thoughts controul,
 Sole Queen of my affections and desire,
 That like to Aetna sets my heart on fire,
 Thy Golden Locks resembling Titans Amber,

Most

Most fit to Grace some mighty Monarchs Chamber :
 Thine Eyes Ecclipsing Titan in his rising,
 Thy Face surpassing natures best devising,
 Thy lips evaporats most sweet perfums,
 Thy voice the Musick of the Sphers assumes;
 Perfections wound more than Loves shaft and bow,
 Thy Red the Rose doth shame, thy White the Snow,
 Thou worlds wonder, Natures clearest fuel,
 Stain not thy vertues with thy being cruel,
 Besides it is an easie thing to prove,
 It is a soveraign remedy for Love,
 As suppose your thoughts at hourly strife,
 Half mad, and almost weary of your Life:
 All for the Love of some fair female Creature,
 And that you are intangled with her Feature;
 That you are glad, and sad, and mad, and tame,
 Seeming to burn in Frost, and frieze in Flame;
 In one breath, singing, laughing, weeping,
 Dream as you walk, and waking in your sleeping,
 Accounting hours for years, and months for ages,
 Till you enjoy her that your heart engages,
 And she hath sent you answers long before,
 That her intent is not to be your whore;
 And you, for your part mean upon your Life,
 Ne're while you live to take her to your wife;
 The West-border Seed, it is not fit for you,
 You may procure better than there doth grow;
 Thou art the Brother by thy place unto a lovely Swain,
 The son of that renowned Squire, John Scot of Rennal-burn,
 Thy Father Robert yet survives,
 Thy Guid-sir was by the Napiers slain;
 Thy Grand-sir the first Laird of Bow-hill,
 Was son to John Scot of Thirlston.

A worthy Squire John Scot of Renmalburn,
 He was the Son of that Sir John Scot,
 Whom the Muses lov'd, and hovered at his Gate.
 And Sir John was son of that learned Man,
 Mr. Arthur Scot who was stil'd of Newburgh than,
 And Mr. Arthur was brave Simons son,
 He who was Tutor to the Pupills of Thirlston;
 And John of Thirlston that brave fellow,
 Was Son to David Scot of Howpasslaw;
 And David was the first Sir Walters son:
 So, James, thy Genealogy I have done,
 And spoken nothing but the very truth,
 Thy Original is from Buckcleugh;
 Since Fates allow the harmless beasts such store,
 I hope of Jasons Fleece thou shalt have more and more.

*Dedicated to the Honourable and truly Noble, Sir William Elliot
 of Stobs, Knight and Barronet.*

IT's not in expectation of Reward,
 That I this Book into your hands do tender;
 But in my humble Duty in regard,
 That I am bound my dayly thanks to render;
 If my Verse be defective, and my accent rude;
 My Stile be harsh, and my Learning slender,
 I am defended against a multitude,
 If that your Patronage be but my Defender.
 This to avoid Hells-hatcht ingratitude,
 My duteous Love, my Lines and Life shall be,
 To you devoted, ever to conclude;
 May you, and your most vertuous Lady see,
 Long happy dayes, in honour still encreasing,
 And after death true honour never ceasing.

Your

Your Worships Parents were so well known by me,
 That I'm bold to show them to the fourth Degree,
 These worthy Families I must needs commend,
 From whom Sir William Elliot of Stobs did descend :
 I here set down the number what they are,
 And then I'll nominate them in particular.
 Thy thirty Ancestors I would have men to ken,
 Thy eight great Grandfirs, and thy eight great Grandames,
 Thy Grandfirs and Grandames eight, that makes twenty four,
 Thy Goodfirs and Goodames four, with Father and Mother,
 Thy thirty Ancestors I have set down,
 And thou thy self makes thirty and one;
 This true account from whence your worship sprung,
 Is just to the fourth Generation of your Kin:
 Thy first great Grandfir and Grandam, it's of truth,
 Was Elliot of Lariston, and Scot of Buckcleugh,
 To thy second great Grandfir and Grandam now I trot,
 They were Scot of Hardin, and Scot of Dryhop;
 Thy third great Grandfir and Grandam to their name,
 Was Dowglas of Cavers, and a Sister of Cranston,
 Thy fourth great Grandfir to his name,
 Was Dowglas the Laird of Whittinghame,
 I am not certain, yet have heard some mean,
 He was married to Hepburn a daughter of Waughton;
 Thy fifth great Grandfir to whom I flee,
 Was Sir John of Cranston, and Ramsey of Dalhousie;
 Thy sixth great Grandfir and Grandam I set down,
 Was Cranston of Moriston, and Cockburn of Lanton,
 Thy seventh great Grandfir and Grandam I reveal,
 Was Lord Seton of Seton, and Maxwell of Maxwell,
 Thy eight great Grandfir and Grandam no less,
 Then Earl Bothwel and Dowglas sister to the Earl Angus.

Now

Now to the first Grandfir and Grandam I come,
Elliot of Stobs, and Scot of Hardin;
To the second Grandfir and Grandam now I run,
Sir William of Cavers, and Dowglas of Whittinghame;
Thy third Grandfir and Grandam I must proclaim,
Was William Lord Cranston, and Sarah daughter to Sir John:
Thy fourth Grandfir was the Lord Coldinghame.
Now to thy first Goodfir I do rehearse,
Which was Elliot of Stobs and Dowglas of Cavers,
Thy other Goodfir and Goodam of much renown,
Was Mr. of Cranston, and daughter to Lord Coldinghame,
Thy Father and Mother who still lives by Fame,
Sir Gilbert of Stobs, and sister to Lord Cranston;
Although I cannot write, yet I have spent my breath,
In dilating thy Descent from good King James the fifth.
Earl Bothwel thy great Grandfir,
Was a valiant man,
He was King James the fifth
His own Natural-son.

And now I humbly crave your Worthiness excuse,
For the boldness of my unlearned Muse,
That hath presumed so high a pitch to flee,
In praise of Vertue and Gentilitie;
I know this Task is fit for learned men,
For Homer, Ovid, or for Virgils Pen;
Boldly to write true Honours worthiness,
Whilst better Muses pleased to hold their peace;
And this much to the World my Verse proclaims,
That neither Gain nor Flattery are my ends,
But love and duty to your Familie,
Has caus'd my Muse these Lines to publish'd be:
And therefore I intreat your generous Heart,

To accept my duty, and pardon my neglects,
 Bear with my weakness, wink at my defects,
 Good purposes do merit good effects.
 Poor Earthen-vessels may hold precious Wine,
 And I presume that in this Book of mine,
 In many places ye shall something find,
 To please its noble well affected Mind,
 And for excuse, my Muse doth humbly plead,
 That ye'll forbear to judge before ye read.

The Persians, Egyptians, and the Israelites,
 And raging Razin, King of Aramites,
 Then the Assyrians twice, and then again
 The Egyptians over-run them all amain.
 Then the Chaldeans, and once more they came,
 Egyptian, Ptolomey, who them overcame;
 Then Pompey next King, Herod last of all,
 Vespasian was their universal fall,
 As in Assyria Monarchie began,
 They lost it to the warlike Persian,
 Of Nimrods race a race of Kings descended,
 Till in Astiages his stock was ended,
 For Cyrus into Persia did translate,
 The Assyrian Sovereign Monarchizing State;
 Then after many bloody bruising Arms,
 The Persian yielded to the Greeks Alarms:
 But smoak-like Grecian-glory lasted not,
 Before 'twas ripe it did untimely rot:
 The Worlds Commander Alexander died,
 And his Successors did the World divide,
 From one great Monarch in a moment Springs,
 Confusion, Hydra-like from self-made Kings;
 Till they all wearied, slaughtered and forlorn,

Had

Had all the Earth dismembred, rent and torn;
The Romans took advantage of their fall,
And over-ran, captiv'd and conquer'd all:
Thus, as one Nail another out doth drive,
The Persians the Assyrians did deprive,
The Grecians then the Persian pride did tame,
The Romans then the Grecians overcame,
Whilst like a Vapour all the World was tost,
And Kingdoms were transferr'd from Coast to Coast,
And still the Jews in scattered multitudes,
Deliv'rd were to sundry Servitudes,
Chang'd, given, bought, and sold from Land to Land,
Where they not understood nor understand,
To every Monarchy they were made Slaves,
Egypt, Aram, Chaldea, them out-braves,
Assyria, Persia, Grecia, lastly Rome,
Invaded them by Heavens just angry doom;
Four Ages did the Sons of Heber pass,
Before their final Desolation was;
Their first Age, aged Patriarchs did guide,
The second reverend Judges did decide,
The third by Kings, nought, good, bad, worse and worst,
The fourth by Prophets, who them blest or curst,
As their dread God commanded or forbid,
To curse or bless, even so the Prophets did.

Good Reader, I have writ these Lines to let thee know withall,
What Desolations did in former Ages fall,
And here within sixscore of year,
By many Families it doth appear,
Who were Men of note, and their Substance did abound;
Yet to great Servitude their Children came,
But yet I think men should not fret,

For

For a Suspension never pays no Debt;
 For if a man according to the Laws,
 He be captivat for an onerous Cause,
 And then from Bondage he again return,
 This is no act of Credit left by him;
 In Histories it's often read,
 That Kings sons have been Tradesmen bred,
 Crispin and Crispianus the English sing,
 Was son to Brænus the British King,
 Of such a change men they may admire,
 From a Crown to become a Cordiner,
 If his Sons son did live to be a man,
 And if that he did rightly play his Game,
 Durst any Poultry Pismee call him down,
 By Exclamation to be a Sutors son.
 These idle Questionists, and these Schismatics,
 I hold no better than rank Hereticks;
 But this I think not well when honest Hearts,
 Shall have this undervaluing Name without Deserts;
 If every Hair upon the Heads of Men,
 Were Quills, and every Quill a Pen,
 Were Earth to Paper turn'd, and Seas to Ink,
 And all the World were Writers, yet I think,
 They could not write enough of Mischiefs strain,
 Calumnious Boasters, Bloody tongued Men,
 Of Persians, Pagans, Asians, or Rome,
 I need not write, there's Division enough at Home.

For the Elliots brave and worthy men,
 Have been as much oppress'd as any Name I ken,
 For in my own time I have seen so much odds,
 No Elliot enjoy'd any Heretage, but Dunlibire, Fanash and Stobs;
 Stobs being *sine qua non*, and obedient to the truth,

A beloved Sister-son to the Family of Buckcleugh :
Yet in the Border-side the Elliots did remain,
Since King Robert the first, they with him from Angus came.
The Town of Elliot was their Antiquitie,
Which stands in Angus on the foot of Glenshie,
With brave King Robert the Bruce they hither came,
Which is three hundred and eighty years agoe,
In west Tiviotdale these Gentlemen did dwell,
They were twelve great Families, I heard my Goodfir tell ;
Their Chief was then a Baron of renown,
Designed Reid-heugh, which is now call'd Laristoun ;
Stobs and Dunlibyre is of the antient kind,
Cobshaw, Brugh, Prickinhaugh and Gorinberries gone,
Yet there's more Elliots by other Stiles that supplies their room ;
Erckletoun it was long out of the Elliots name,
But now it is return'd to the self same again,
Elliot of Bewlies, some say, he's not a Gentleman,
But I protest they do him wrong to his ninth Generation ;
What if a man have sons three,
Procreat and born from one belly,
Can one of them be a Gentleman,
And another be a Pefants son,
He neither descends from Kill nor Mill,
He's sprung from the Laird of Horsliehill,
Thereof his Grandfir was a younger brother-son,
Though he was Servant to the Laird of Hardin,
Hardin the foresaid William did so much esteem,
That he in Marriage his Natural-daughter did gain,
And betwixt them two was procreat I must reveal,
That Robert Elliot that lived in Borthwick-sheil,
And Robert Elliot married a gentle Dame,
Hately from the Family of Mellarstain,

Betwix

Betwixt them two was procreat sure,
 Good Thomas Elliot in Borthwick-shells,
 That much reliev'd the Poor,
 And Thomas Elliot married then,
 The daughter of the Laird Chamberlain Newton,
 And procreat betwixt them be,
 William Elliot of Bewlie;
 William Elliot of Bewlie, ye understand the man,
 He's married with the sister of Scot of Sinton,
 Who him callumniats with a mis-report,
 I'll say he is a Liar in his Throat;
 For Romulus that builded Rome,
 Was nurs'd upon a Bear, yet was a Princes son;
 The Father of the Faithful, Abram, Abel, and Lot,
 Were Shepherds in their time, yet Types and Patriarchs;
 The Schythian Shepherd a Conqueror compleat,
 Tammerlane the great, yet he attended Sheep;
 He is but *mala fama* whatever be his Coyn,
 That says that Bewlie is not a Gentleman:
 Walter of Erckleton these mis-reports may clear,
 For he was called nothing but Shepherd fourty year,
 And yet he is the just and very man,
 Whose Goodsir and Grandfir was Lairds of Erckleton;
 Even though Horsliehill were to sell at this time,
 And William Elliot were he that should it gain,
 It were but a Suspension he had underline,
 Being truly descended from that self same kind,
 And though that his Grandfir was a Servant-man,
 For the want of Means to the Laird of Hardin,
 And he by his Service and good Husbandry,
 Had purchas'd Means might set Horsliehill free;
 But being not to sell he purchas'd other Lands,

Doth that make out that he's not a Gentleman,
The Elliots of the Yare they are of that same kind,
And the Elliots of Selkirk they are of the same,
If James Elliot late of Bridgeheugh be a Gentleman,
Then William Elliot of Bewlie must needs be one;
For their Grandfirs were two Brother-sons,
Though in Occupation there was difference,
The one a Magistrat in Selkirk Town,
The other kept the Sheep upon the Down;
The one did live by Polling of the Poor,
Being Magistrat was counted great Honour;
The other was a Shepherds Swain, and reliev'd the Poor that came,
VVith Bed and Board, though but a Servant-man,
Sixty years ago I have both heard and seen,
And knew that Robert Elliot was the Laird of Hardins man,
Yet he was the Poors reliefs,
For he fed and clad them both with Flesh and-Fleece,
But for the Magistrat few Poor he did relieve,
He was still ready to take, but never to give:
Sir Baillie, ist please your Worship,
Was the word of every one,
The other was Will or Hab,
Yet both from Brethren came,
Their foresaid Marriages they are set down by me;
To be a truth I will affirm, and that they are no ly;
I have both eat and drunk, and merry with them been,
All of them except the first William,
Which my Father knew, and that very well,
To be of the Family of these of Horsliehill,
And since Horsliehill was thy Fore-fathers stile,
Bewlie it hath been the same for a pretty while;

And

And I still do wish that Stile do remain,
 With thee and with thine, till the period of time;
 Yet pardon my Lines, though they be out of frame,
 For I could never any write but the Letters of my Name,
 And although that they be not pleasant to the view,
 Yet they are both honest, modest, chaste and true;
 And though Jafon fetch'd his Golden Fleece from Greece,
 Thy Fleece in Scotland it is many Poors relief.

Dedicated to the very honourable, and much respected generous Gentleman, the Laird of Lariston.

Could my unprais'd Pen advance thy Name,
 Thou should be mounted on the Wings of Fame,
 Thy Ancestors they were of good renown,
 They being all the Laids of Lariston,
 Into thy hands I do commit the sum
 Of Walter Elliot of Erckleton,
 By Maxwels rage out of their hands it got,
 And was possess'd by Cunninghame and Scot,
 Now Providence has brought it back again,
 To the Lineal-heir of Elliots kind,
 For Walter Elliot he was Adams son,
 And Adams Goodsir was Laird of Erckleton,
 Though they were suspended for an Age or twain,
 The Lands return'd to Elliot of Muckildine,
 He is the Laird of Erckletons Brother,
 And Janet Scot she is Muckildines Mother,
 A worthy Wife she of long time hath been,
 And hath fill'd many poor and hungry Womb,
 She is my Friend, therefore I do her ken,
 She's daughter to John Scot call'd of Rennalburn,
 An honest Gentleman, he was known well enough,

In

In Efdail-muir he was Baillie to Buckcleugh,
Who was son to John Scot an able Lad,
Who then was called Jocky ill to had,
His Father also he was called John,
He was Natural-son to Scot of Thirlston,
He was Natural-brother in the while
To Thirlston, Newburgh and Bowhill,
Gilmanseleugh, Hundelshope, and Kirkhope,
Were all Brethren to the said John Scot;
These seven Brethren were stout valiant men,
They would not been afraid for other ten,
No more of Muckildine since Adam is deceast,
Who left them store like Jafons Golden Fleecet.

*Dedicated to the very Worthy and Valorous Gentleman, William Elliot
of Dunlibire, Esquire.*

I Humbly now according to my Dream,
Present to you the young Laird of Erckleton,
From's Goodfir and Grandfir that Land was rest and riven,
Before they purchas'd Coyn to buy it back again,
And now 'tis their own, I wish they may't enjoy,
From Envys canker, better than Helen did Troy;
That Trojan and that Greek that fought in Sama sand,
Achilles gain'd the day, and did Hector command;
Troys fruitful Queen did many Children bear,
So brave, heroick, and so stout a Crew,
Who all in noble Actions did accrue,
When Age had made their Parents bald and bare,
They made their dauntless Courage to appear,
Amidst the throngs of Danger and Debate,
But Blood on Blood their Fury could not fate:
In former times the South may understand,

Many

Many Gallants losed all their Land,
Through Blood and want of Government;
Which to this time Successors may repent;
They were not like these Arcadians in Greece;
That rejoyc'd in Jasons Golden Fleece.

*Dedicated to that Worthy and Generous Gentleman, Robert Elliot
Laird of Midliemill.*

Sir, in my Sleep I was much troubled,
And dream'd of Henry Elliot of Harewood,
Mongst many more that I thought I saw,
And knowing he was your Father in Law,
Therefore my weak Judgment thought it fit,
Those Lines to you that I should dedicat;
Knowing him to be a worthy man,
And much honour'd by your Generation;
Though all in one ye now joined be,
Yet ye're a Peer grew higher on the Tree;
For I believe there is so much odds,
Few Elliots compar'd with the House of Stobs;
For Heav'ns high-hand where he doth please to blefs,
Makes Trees, or Men, fruitful, or fruitless;
In sundrie uses Trees do serve mens turn,
To build, adorn, to feed, or else to burn;
This is mens State in all degrees like theirs,
Some are got to the top of Honours Stairs.
Securely sleeping on Opinions Pillow,
Yet is as fruitless as the fruitless Willow,
And fill up room, like worthless Trees in Woods,
Whose goodness consists all in ill got Goods,
He like a Cedar makes a goodlie show,
But now good Fruit will from his greatness grow,

Until

Until he die, and from his Goods depart,
 And then gives all away in the spight of his Heart,
 Then shall his Friends with Mourning-cloaths be clad,
 The in-side merry, and the out-side sad;
 He thinks his life Angelical, because
 Among the Angels he his time doth pass;
 And with his Nobles he ordaineth Laws,
 That base Extortion shall not be a Crime,
 He marks how Kingdoms, Provinces and Towns,
 Are over-ruled by his cursed Crowns,
 But if he note his Angels what to be,
 Not heavenlie, nor these from Heaven that fell,
 But they are in a third and worse degree,
 Damn'd senseless Monsters, even that are of Hell,
 They cannot hear, feel, taste, hear, nor smell,
 A thousand times being told yet cannot tell,
 They're lock'd and barr'd and bolted up in thrall,
 Which shews their nature not Angelical,
 Thy industrious Loyalty doth daily tell,
 Thou aims at Honour, and thou levels well,
 And with your trusty Service shot compleat,
 That in the end ye sure will hit the VVhyte;
 Thus thy Industries doth let the VVorld ken,
 That Jafons Golden Fleece with thee shall still remain;

*Dedicated to that worthy and well approved Gentleman John Elliot,
 Brother to Sir VVilliam Elliot of Stobs.*

Good Sir, If Fortune frown or smile, thou art content,
 Thou bears a Heart that is still ready bent,
 God is thy Captain, thy Defence and Hold,
 Through Faith in Him thou art still armed bold,
 To thank John Elliot I humbly thee desire,

He

He dwells in Unthank, he's Brother to Dunlibire,
 When kind-kissing Phœbus was gone to her rest,
 In a Winters-night in a most furious blast,
 I driving Beasts because I wanted Fodder,
 I did assault his House into tempestuous Weather,
 For god Æolus biew, and Boreas did assist,
 And Neptunes wat'ry Planets he brake in betwixt,
 The Snow being deep, the Weather tempestuous ill,
 I was five days in driving twenty Mile;
 In great distress into his House I came,
 He with his Wife made me kindly welcome,
 With Bed and Board, good Brandie and good Ale,
 Which might have serv'd the best in Tiviotdale.
 I wish John Elliot never want such Fleeces
 Which yearly may bring in ten thousand golden pieces.

*Dedicated to that much renowned generous Gentleman, William Elliot
 Uncle to Sir VVilliam Elliot of Stobs.*

Most worthy Sir, I hope I do no wrong,
 In dedicating to you one of my Shepherds Swains;
 Take not a Shepherd Swain to be a vulgar name,
 For Kings and Emperors have gloried in the same,
 Therefore no Shepherd Swain my Muse will e're deride,
 And far less VVilliam Elliot the good Laird of Swoonside,
 Since thou art a worthy and a lovely one,
 Not like Envy, all consum'd to Skin and Bone.
 Sir, I do declare what Labour thou hast spent,
 VVas neither to Honour nor Vertues detriment;
 And thrice worthy Sir, thy Vertues do proclaim,
 How Honours noble mark it is still thy aim,
 And when thou the head-strong Taurus soon forsakes,
 And to his summering Progress thou haste makes,

Q

Then

Then shall the Earths celestial light afford,
 And in sad darkness clad the ample Glob;
 Since I was born, when Wit was out of Town,
 That's the reason that I have so little of my own;
 Pardon me, I cannot writ, and very litle read,
 Or else in thy worthy praise, I further would proceed;
 As for Swoonside, I wish his Golden-fleece,
 May shine as bright, as Jafons did in Greece.

*Dedicated to that vertuous and well approven Gentleman, Master
 Gavin Elliot, Uncle to Sir William Elliot of Stobs.*

Most worthy Sir, according to my Dream,
 I speak of Shepherds, and of Shepherds Swain;
 Into your gentle hands, Sir, I do commit,
 John Elliot the Laird of Thorilshope,
 And Sir, I do hope that ye'l not disallow,
 That I have been so bold to dedicat him to you,
 For a man must more than humane wit possess,
 To escape the Baits and Snares of wickedness,
 The Artist of the Scripture can dispute the same,
 That one would deem him a Religious Man;
 Since that God gave Life to Herbs, and Plants, and Trees,
 A beast hath Sense, and Life, Moves, Feels and Sees,
 For if they wanted Life, how could they then grow,
 And in some sort, do both good and evil know;
 But man he is before all Creatnres in degrees,
 God, Life, Sense, and Reason, He unto him gives;
 And least that these blessings should be transitory,
 He gave him Life and Sense, Reason, Grace and Glory;
 So I hope Thorlithope shall keep his Golden-fleece,
 As glorious as Jason did his in Greece.

Dedi-

*Dedicated to that worthy and compleat Gentleman, Robert Elliot
appearant of Dunlibire.*

240

MOst worthy Sir, I do upon the wings of Fame,
Dedicat to you one of your worthy Name,
John Elliot he who's called a valiant Lad,
He's Brother to Henry Elliot of Hare-wood;
It was into my dream he did appear to me,
For I into the Ale-house did him never see,
In Jafons Golden Fleece it's said he doth abound,
And now he is of late a Person much renown'd,
Therefore I him consecrat to thee,
And with happines to you, and your Posterity,
Wishing to him when he his Sheep doth shear,
They may improve their Fleece four times a year,
For that man that hath store of Wool, and woolly Fleeces,
May when he please, have store of Gold, and Golden Pieces.

*Dedicated to the valorous and compleat young Gentleman, Robert
Elliot appearant of Lariston.*

Sir, these Lynes unto your hands I send,
Wishing your Worship will but them commend,
And begs that you'l not be a gäst,
For nominating, some first that should be last;
Therefore, good Sir, I hope ye will pardon give,
And oblige your humble Servant while he lives;
This I lay open to your Worships view,
And Simon Elliot of Tarras, I dedicat to you,
For Summer-fruit it is pleasant to eat,
But Winter-fruit it will a long time keep;
Although the Hills of Tarras they be black,
Yet in his Golden-fleece there is no lack,

C

Black

Black moist Fleeces when they are well scour'd,
Unto the owners yeeld good, clear, and currant gold;
Pure Spanisb gold it's very fine,
But of Wool our Merchants makes more gain,
Through Christendom your Woolly Fleeces,
Are still compar'd to golden pieces,
So he that is a Shepherd Swain,
Can be no less than a Gentleman:
Monarchs and Kings, Royal Majesty,
Were Shepherds Swains in Arcadie.

*Dedicated to the young and very hopeful Gentleman, Gilbert Elliot,
son to Sir William Elliot of Stobs, Knight-Barronet.*

IF Homers Verse in Greek did merit praise,
If Nason in the Latin tongue wan Bayes,
If Maro 'mongst the Romans did excel,
If Tasso in the Tuscian tongue spoke well:
Sweet Sir, pardon him that's so much imperfect,
In Scots can scarcely read, and never yet could write;
If my poor shallow brain could but advance your Name,
Ye should be mounted high upon the wings of Fame;
And if that my poor thoughts had strength to enterprize,
I would advance your Name as far as Titans rise,
And that Shepherd Swain that I do simlize,
Is Robert Elliot that dwells in the Dewslies:
Be not offended at the name of Shepherd Swain,
For formerly that name was Noble-men;
And as Jason fetcht his Golden Fleece from Greece,
I wish that Robert Elliot his Fleeces may increase,

Dedi-

*Dedicated to the very Honourable, and right Worshipful generous
Gentleman, John Hoppringil, Laird of Torfonce.*

IF the value of Offerings were alwayes to be equall to the Grandure of the Persons, to whom they are presented, I should not dar to make this bold address; but the greatness of my devotion, that hath no other way to manifest it self at present, will I hope, make a mends for the means of this, and perswade your Worship to condescend to the acceptance of this poor expression of my respects; if these Treasures may be so happy, as to give unto your Worship, some satisfaction, and recreation in the perusall of them, I shall attain unto the advantage, which is chiefly aimed at by this Dedication,

Your Worships most obedient, most humble
and faithful Servant, *Walter Scot.*

MOst worthy Sir, ye know this well by me,
That the love of Brandie made my self merrie,
For when the High-born Bastard of the thundring Jove,
When Mens inventions are of Wit most hollow,
He with his sprightful Juice their spirits doth move,
To the harmonious Musick of Apollo,
And in a word, I would have all men know it,
He must drink Brandy that means to be a Poet;
I understand, or know no forraign Tongue,
But their translations I do much admire,
Much Art, much Pains, much Study it doth require,
And at the least regard should be their hyre;
When Adam was in Paradise first placed,
And with the rule of mortal things was graced,
Then Roses, Pinks, and fragrant Gilly-flowers,
Adorn'd and deckt forth Edens blessed bowers;

Love

Love is a dying life, and living death;
A vapour fl addow, a Bubble, and a Breaht,
An idle Bable, and a poultry Toy,
Whose greateſt Patron is a blinded Boy;
But pardon Love, my judgement is unjuſt,
For what I ſpeak of Love, I mean'd of Luſt,
Beſs ſhe diſlikes the Surplice and the Cap,
And calls them idle Veſtments of the Pope;
And Miſtris Maud would go to Church right fain,
But that the corner Cap makes her refrain;
And Madam Idle is offended deep,
The Preacher ſpeaks ſo loud, ſhe cannot ſleep;
Lo thus the Devil ſowes contentions Seed,
Whence Sects, and Schiſms, and Hereſies do breed;
Since Providence has given you Wit in ſtore,
Live as your worthy Fathers did live you before.
By night I in a viſion did Dream,
That four and twenty Shepherds I had ſeen,
Whereof John Anduſon was one;
A Shepherd Swain that dwells in Thirleſton,
A civil Perſon, and one that is true,
And therefore I dedicat him to you,
I hope the Name of Shepherd ye'l not deſpiſe it,
Since Kings and Princes hath it enterprized,
Beſides the learned Poets of all times,
Have chantited out their praifes in pleaſant Rymes,
The harmleſs lives of rural Shepherd Swains,
And beauteous Shepherdesses on the plains,
They have recorded moſt delightfully,
Their Love, their Fortune, and Felicity;
And ſure if in this low terreſtrial round,
Plain honeſt happineſs is to be found,

It with the Shepherd is remaining still,
 Because they have least power to do ill;
 And whilst they on the feeding flocks attend,
 They have the least occasion to offend;
 I wish God bless the Shepherds and their Fleeces,
 And then I hope they'll ne're want Golden Pieces.

*Dedicated to the very Honourable, and right Worshipful generous
 Gentleman, John Riddel of Haining, Sherif-principal of the
 Shersifdom of Selkirk, and Provost of that Burgh-Royall.*

I Humbly wish peace, truth, and constancy,
 Remain with you and your worthy Family,
 That Sailer gains renown that well does know,
 To gain his point either at ebb or flow,
 When Boreas dust doeth drive thee from the Land,
 Then Æolus blasts puts thee in Neptuns hand;
 To wonder and admire is all one thing,
 As Synonymies the word betake,
 But if a double meaning from them come,
 For double sense your judgement then must look,
 As once a man all foul'd with dirt and myre,
 Fell down and wondred not, but did admire,
 To you whose ears, and eyes have heard and seen,
 This little Pamphlet, and can judge between,
 That which is good, tolerable, or ill,
 May be with Artless nature wanting skill:
 Have I writ ought that may your hearts content,
 My Muse hath then accomplisht her intent,
 Your favour can preserve me, but your frown,
 My poor inventions in oblivion drown,
 With tolerable friendship let me crave,
 You will not seek to spill what you may save.

The

The Asp that quakes with sun,
He doth me much deride,
The Webster and the Smith,
They shake their brainless head,
And sayes my Education, or my State,
Doth make my Verse esteem'd at lower rate;
To such as those this answer I do send,
And bid them mend before they discoumend,
Their Envy unto me will Favours prove,
The hatred of fools breeds wise mens Love;
My Muse is Jocund, that her Labours merits,
To be malign'd and scorn'd by envious carriage;
This humbly I beg pardon of the best,
Which being granted, Sir, a reverence for the rest,
Why should they vex in their malicious brain,
For I have done no wrong to you n or them,
A greedy wretch did on the Scripture look,
Found it recorded in the Sacred Book,
How such a man with God should sure prevail,
Who clad the naked, and visited them in Joal,
And their he found how he had long mistakéd,
And oftentimes had made the cloathed naked,
In stead of visiting the oppress'd in moans,
He had consum'd them to the very bones;
Yet one day he at leasure would repent,
But sudden death repentance did prevent;
Then he was dead, and laid into his Tomb,
In hopes repentance from Purgatory come,
There lay the Stuart of the valiant ten,
Who, whilst on life his beloved life remain'd,
Apollos Daughter, and the Heirs of Jove,
The memorable bounty did approve;

His

His life was life to Statius, and his death,
 Bereaved the Muses of Celestial Breath,
 Had Phoebus fir'd him from the lofty skies,
 That Phenix-like another might arise,
 From out of his odoriferous sacred Embers,
 His loved life the Country still remembers,
 Amongst a million there is hardly any,
 That like your self, so well can govern many.
 Now I think well I will reveal,
 My Dream I must proclaim,
 And dedicat unto your hands, my honest Shepherds Swain,
 That mirrily upon the plain doth sing with joking lees,
 His Shepherdess she does not miss, to crown his head with bayes;
 Love, Bounty, Valour, Charity with Shepherds did remain,
 It's Kings and Emperors liberty to be a Shepherds Swain,
 In Meadows green where flowers do spring
 There they do feed their flocks,
 Sometimes on Mountains and on Hills,
 Sometimes amongst the Rocks,
 Their worthy generosity to Love is a strong fort,
 With triumph doth that trumpet sound,
 At the Shepherd Swains port,
 The best of men are Shepherd Swains,
 As I before design'd,
 The Eastern-coasts did brag and boast, |
 Of their brave Shepherds Swain;
 George Currors then a Shepherd Swain,
 That gains both Corn and Store,
 And doth afford both Bed and Board,
 And much relieves the poor;
 In Hart-wood-myres his Barns and Byres,
 And Shepherds do remain,

His Flocks proceed, and sweetly feed
 Upon the morning dew;
 And when bright Phoebus takes her Coach,
 They are in Hainings view,
 Of that Shepherds truth I cannot dyte enough,
 But now I'm run ashore;
 For Shepherds Swains, their Ewes and Lambs,
 I have spoken much before,
 Though Jason fetcht his Fleece from Greece,
 And was call'd the Golden Swain,
 George Curror that dwells in Hart-wood-myres,
 For Wool more guilt doth gain.

Dedicated to the learned and well approved generous Gentleman,
 Andrew Plummer Laird of Midslehead.

Most worthy Sir, Seditian and a Common-wealth was intimated
 by two Lobsters, fighting one with another, the Land Lobster is a
 great enemy to the serpents and Snakes, therefore the Egyptian
 Priests did put it to signifie a temperat man, who suppresseth his
 Lusts and wicked Affections, that are the most dangerous Serpents
 unto his soul.

THis Pamphlet I send to your view,
 Is to let your Worship ken,
 It's known to be the first Issue
 Of my dull idle Brain,
 It's known as yet, I could ne're write,
 My reading is but small,
 For refuge, I flee to your hands,
 In hopes you'l warrand all;
 Shepherds I thought were three times eight,
 Appear'd into my Dream,
 Wherefore one to you I dedicat,

A civil honest Man,
 He in Analshope doth dwell,
 His Name's Michael Andison;
 That Shepherd Swain will no man wrong,
 In Religion he is strong,
 The foulest Feinds assume the fairest Forms;
 The fairest Fields doth feed the foulest Toad,
 The Sea at Calmest most subject is to Storms,
 In choicest Fruit the Canker makes abode;
 So in the Shop of all believing trust,
 Lyes Toads invenom'd treason couched fast,
 Till like a Storm his toothless thoughts out-burst,
 Who Canker-like had lyen in trusts repose;
 For as the fire within the flint's confin'd,
 In deepest Ocean still unquencht remains,
 Even to the false, through truest seeming mind,
 Despight of truth the Treason still retains,
 Yet maugure Treason, Trust deserveth trust,
 And Trust survives when Treason dies accurst,
 Since Michael Andison hath great store of Wool'n-fleece,
 I wish they more abound than Jafons did in Greece,

*Dedicated to that worthy valiant and generous Gentleman, James
 Gladstains of that ilk, Laird of Cocklaw.*

Most worthy Sir, I send into your view,
 This litle Pamphlet, most of it is true,
 According to my Dream, I yet commend,
 I know no foolish man can you offend,
 Of four and twenty Shepherds I did Dream,
 Whereof James Grieve in Common-side was one,
 An honest Man you know it sure,
 And one that doth relieve the Poor,

Your Generous Noble Sp'rit, as I do understand,
 Emboldens me to dedicat him to your hand,
 He that may hunt in every inclosed Ground,
 A Park of's own he needeth not to found,
 The stately Staig, when he his horns hath shed,
 In sullen sadness he deplores his loss;
 But when a Wife cornuts her Husbands Head,
 His gains in horns he holds an extream cross,
 The Staig of lossing doth his loss complain,
 The man by gaining doth lament his gain,
 Thus whether horns he either loss or found,
 They both the Loser and the Winner wound;
 Hunting is pleasant, but yet wearisome,
 To him that can no Venison obtain,
 Thou worthy Swain chuse in Dianas stream,
 Amongst the Sisters nine, and pick out one of them,
 Wit, Courage, Valour, Stature, and State
 Remain with thee, don't fear a horned Pate,
 Now good James Grieve, I wish thy Flocks increase,
 That thou may chant and sing, and still keep Jafons fleece.

*Dedicated to the very worthy and much respected generous Gentle-
 man, Robert Langlands of that ilk.*

WHen fond imaginary Dreams do ring,
 In formless forms in mens molested brain,
 On such a time, I sleeping in my bed,
 An unaccustom'd Dream came in my head,
 I thought four and twenty to me came,
 All Gentlemen, and Shepherds Swain,
 Whereof James Grieve Lenup he was one,
 Which I have dedicated unto your Worships hand,
 You know him well to be an honest man,

And

And is a juſt and harmleſs Shepherd Swain;
 His Fleece doth clothe the naked, that there's non deny;
 His Food relieves the needy, as they paſs him by;
 The Orphan, Widow, and the indigent,
 For Bed and Board from him have ſupplement;
 Theſe Shepherd Swains, as I do underſtand,
 Relieves more poor, nor all the Lairds of the Land,
 Their Butter, Cheeſe, their Milk, their Whey,
 Their Fleſh and Wool they part continually;
 That I dar ſay, were there not ſuch men,
 Five thouſand in the yéar would ſtarve and pine;
 God bleſs their Subſtance, that helps the poor folks Meſſes,
 And ſend them ſtore of Wool to bring them Golden Pieces.

*Dedicated to the worthy and much reſpected Gentleman, Francis
 Gladſtains of Whitlâw.*

MOſt worthy Sir, do not diſdain,
 That I my Dream ſo oft explain;
 Unto your hands I do it commit,
 The Iſſue of Barren Wit,
 A great deall more from me might appear,
 Within this ſeventy and two year,
 But what is paſt, I cannot now recall,
 I hope ye'l think this makes amends for all,
 I never was at ſchool, I cannot write,
 Pardon my Lines though they be unperſyte,
 The beſt of Gallants indeed may controul,
 A wiſe man will ever countenance a fool,
 Although in wrong he will not bear him up,
 Yet he will laugh at his fooliſh fate;
 The four and twenty of my Dream,
 William Grieve of Common-ſide was one;

Which

Which I have dedicat to you,
 He is an honest man and true;
 A worthy Shepherds Swain, who lives upon his Store;
 And relieves the Poor and Needy; as I have said before.
 I wish his Golden-fleece with him may still remain,
 While I fetch Jaxons Fleece from Greece into Scotland.

*Dedicated to the generous, and much respected Gentleman, Walter
 Scot of Burn-foot.*

MOST worthy Sir, according to my Dream,
 Into this Pamphlet remains to be seen,
 I hope your goodness will allow,
 That I dedicat Walter Grieve to you,
 He is a true and honest man,
 He's both your Neighbour, and Shepherds Swain,
 One dedication might have serv'd for all,
 VVhat I have said before, to mention it again,
 It is a needles labour, and puts the writer to more pain;
 I with ye mickle joy of all your Golden Pieces,
 And like to Walter Grieve with increase of his Fleeces.

*Dedicated to his worthy, and well respected good friend, Francis
 Scot, Brother-german to the Laird of Burn-foot in Ail.*

SIr, this Pamphlet to your hands I send,
 In hopes that ye will it commend,
 For Pens ye know I can use none,
 I can hardly read the Catechism,
 Yet four and twenty Shepherds,
 I saw into my Dream,
 Whereof good Thomas Anderson,
 In Howfoord he was one,

Seing

Seing ye are a Gentleman, and my Friend,
 I have dedicate him into your hand,
 VVhen Jupiter the son of Saturn
 Had put his Father to the flight,
 The Empire of the World he did divide then,
 Betwixt himself and his Brother Neptune,
 Neptune set Pluto for to dwell in Hell,
 Amongst the Priests where still they do rebell;
 The sacred Records they do demonstrate,
 The Idols which the Israelites did prostrate,
 So do we find into the present time,
 That there are Priests of every kind,
 Kings, Prophets, Priests, by all were Shepherds Swains,
 And did attend all kind of Sheep,
 Both Weathers, Ewes and Lambs,
 For Thomas Anderson I with his Flocks may still abound,
 If Jason lost his Golden Fleece, I'm sure he has it found.

*Dedicated to the worshipful and very much respected and generous
 Gentleman, Henry Forrester of Stonegirthside, in the Kingdom
 of England, Justice of Peace and Coram in the said Kingdom,
 in the Reign of King Charles the Second,*

Come, Pamphlet, take thy VVings, flee from my hand,
 Arrive in England, in the County of Cumberland,
 There stands a House, and that a worthy one,
 By Kersup-foot in the Eye of the Sun;
 A stately Building, all of plain hew'n Stone,
 All built within this year or twain,
 All Cumberland except Castle and Abbay,
 Such another House in prospect you'll not see;
 Unto that English Squire I do dedicat,
 Honest John Robertson, he was born in the Flat,

His

His Father was an English man,
 Francis Robson kept good order,
 There was no English compar'd with him,
 Seven Mile within the Border,
 Justice Forrester an English Squire,
 And John Robson a Scot,
 Yet it is scarce a Mile betwixt,
 VVhere they were born and got,
 It's true John Robson is
 A Comrade good enough,
 And for House-keeping he excels,
 He dwels in Cautioncleugh,
 VVhite-Bread and Salt-Beef,
 Good Mutton and old Cheese,
 As I was riding by,
 He did my Hunger ease,
 He feasted me in May as I had been an Earl,
 VVith Capon and good Lamb, Brandie and good Ale,
 And for his Father Francis,
 I knew him well enough,
 To be a Gentleman, Store-master
 To VValter Earl of Buckcleugh:
 I wish that Jasons Fleece
 VVith him may still appear,
 And that his Flock would change,
 Their Coats twelve times a year.

Dedicated to that worthy and generous Gentleman, John Scot appeared of Headshaw.

I Thought four and twenty Shepherds Swain,
 In my Dream I did see,
 VVhereof I have dedicated one of them to thee;
 John Grieve of Garwald a right honest one,

VVhich

Which relieves the poor, and proves a Christian Man;
 And with his small substance he is well content,
 Though in late times he prov'd a Puritant.
 I wish his Fleeces be no worse,
 Than Jafons Fleeces was in Greece.

Dedicated to the Right Reverend, and truly Pious, and very generous Gentleman, Mr. Richard Scot, Parson of Askirk.

THese Lynes, good Sir, I present to your hand,
 Is a Genealogy of the old Family of Sinton,
 Which your self doth represent, I know,
 Except your Nephew the Laird of Bonraw,
 It is four hundred Winters past in order,
 Since that Buckcleugh was Warden in the Border,
 A Son he had at that same tide,
 Which was so lame could neither run nor ryde,
 The Laird wist not what to do with him,
 For Border service he was fit for none,
 At his place cal'd Scotstoun,
 He did there remain,
 Four Ages, or he went to Mordistoun,
 And since he went, I can make appear,
 It is more nor three hundred year,
 John his Lam'd Son,
 If my Author speak true,
 He sent him to St. Mungos in Glasgow,
 Where he remain'd a Scholars time,
 Then married a Wife according to his minde,
 And betwixt them two was procreat,
 Both Sons and Daughters of the Name of Scot;
 What time his Posterity did there remain,
 My Author sayes, to the third Generation,

Yet from that Stock there sprung a man,
That was the Arch-bishops Chamberlain,
A quick Mettel'd little Man,
For which they cal'd him Wat the Ratten,
This worthy Ratten did begin,
When Robert cal'd Fern-year was Scotlands King,
The Bishop lov'd Wat well enough,
And recommended him to Buckcleugh,
His Chamberlain he did continue still,
And at the Burn-foot in Aill,
He built both Kill and Mill,
Then down the Water he sought with speed,
And married Head-shaws Daughter,
Her Name was ShortReid,
And betwixt them two was procreat,
Head-shaw, Askirk, Sinton, and Glack,
George was the first did Sintons sweet Knows Flock,
He married Turnbuls daughter,
The Knight of Falshope,
Walter his Son was cal'd a pretty man,
He married with Scot the Laird of Hassindean,
John, Walters Son, I have heard relation,
Married the Laird of Riddels Daughter,
And died without Succession,
Walter succeed'd his Brother John,
And married a Daughter of the Laird Johnston,
Then George he was Walter's Son,
He married Scot daughter to the Laird of Robertson,
This George was the very Man,
That was Father to Sinton, White-blade and Hardin,
For Walter he was George's Son,
The elder brother of William of Hardin,

This Walter Scot ye's understand,
 He married Cockburn a Daughter of Henderland,
 And betwixt them they got one only Son,
 The Lady died when she was young,
 Their Son Walter did to Riddel ride,
 And took the Lairds Daughter to his Bride,
 His Father Walter was not an old man,
 He married another Daughter of Riddels then,
 And left Sinton unto his Son,
 And then in White-slade he sat down,
 Betwixt him and Margaret Riddel was procreat,
 Twelve Bairns that was all married,
 Robert of Whit-slade was their first Son,
 And William of Huntly was his Brother-German,
 James of Satchels he was next,
 And Thomas of Whithaugh-bray made up the messe.
 The eight daughters, 'Ile let you ken,
 The eldest was the Lady Black-Ormiston,
 So was the Lady Langlands, and the Lady Toftturnbul,
 The Lady Ailmor she was nixt,
 And the good wife of the Fanash,
 And the Lady Chapel Middelmis,
 The youngest I have almost forgot,
 She was first married to Philip of Kirk-up,
 He was a Brother to Robert of Thirleston,
 Then she was married to Walter Scot of the Wall,
 But to neither of them she bore Children,
 Then Alexander Chisholm of Park-hill did her gain,
 And to him she bore twelve or thirteen bairns,
 Now my wearied Muse, thou hast been long astray,
 These are the first Whit-slades Posterity;
 Now to George Howcoat I must return,

He was young Walter of Sintons Son,
 A brave Houle-keeper, a worthy Man,
 He married Adimston daughter to the Laird of Ednem,
 Then Walter Scot was George Howcoats son,
 He married Dowglas a daughter of Whittinghame,
 And George his Son a hopeful Lad,
 He married Gladstains daughter to the Laird of Dode,
 There was procreat betwixt these two,
 Good Mr. George Scot, the Laird of Bon-raw,
 George of Bon-raw married was,
 To Dowglas a Brother daughter of Cavers,
 And there is procreat betwixt them twa,
 This present young Laird of Bon-raw.
 Most reverend Sir, I hope you'll pardon me,
 For waiding so deep in your Genealogie:
 If any man think he can amend it,
 Poor Wattie Scot shall never be offended.

MY Noble Friends, at you I aim,
 And of my self I do complain,
 To all bad vices I've been bent,
 And yet there's small amendement;
 The Devil, the Flesh, the World doth me oppose,
 And are my mighty and my mortal foes,
 The Devil and Flesh do draw me still,
 The World on wheels run after with good will,
 For that which I the World may justly call,
 I mean the lower Glob Terrestrial,
 Is as the Devil, and an VVhore doth please,
 Drawn here and there, and every where with ease;
 These that there lives to vertue here do frame:
 Are in the World, but yet not of the same;

Some

Some such there are, who neither Flesh nor Devil,
 Can willfully draw on to any evil,
 But for the *World*, as it's the *World* you see,
 It runs on wheels, and they the Palfrey be,
 Which Emblem to the Reader doth display,
 The Devil, the Flesh do run both swift away,
 The shrewd insnared *World* do follow fast,
 Till all into Perditions Pit be cast :
 Let no man be offended, or think I do him wrong,
 In comparing of the Gentry unto a Shepherd Swain,
 Many Ages past a Shepherd was of such dignity,
 That Gentry he surpast and best Nobility ;
 Cain and Abel brethren were in the first Age of Man,
 The elder was a Husbander, the younger a Shepherd Swain,
 The younger offer'd Sacrifice to please the High Majesty,
 The elder was a Murderer, given to all Villany,
 Some Shepherds past were Kings at last,
 So were never Husbandmen ;
 Generals, Conquerors and Emperors,
 They have been Shepherds Swains :
 The renown of a Shepherd Swain,
 Doth reach unto the Sky,
 The Charles-Wain signifies the same
 To the Mariners on the Seas :
 When you have read and understood my Mind,
 I hope your wonted favours I shall find ;
 In spite of railing baseness whose lewd Tongues
 Are Satans Instruments for slanderous Wrongs,
 A thousand Rim of Paper it would not contain,
 To justifie the worthy Shepherd Swain.
 Much hath the Church our Mother propagated,
 By venerable Fathers Works translated.

St. Jerom,

St. Jerom, Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine,
St. Basil, Beres, Cyprian, Constantine,
Eusebius, Epiphanius and Origen,
Ignatius and Lactantius (reverend men)
Good Luther, Calvin, learned Zwinglius,
Melancton, Beza, Orcalampadus ;
These and a world more that I can recite,
Their Labours would have slept in endless night,
But that in Paper they preserv'd have been,
And instruct us to shun Death, Hell and Sin.
How should we know the change of Monarchies,
The Assyrian and the Persian Empyres,
Great Alexanders long small lasting glory,
Or Romes high Cesar often changing Story.
How should Chronologies of Kings be known
Of either others Countrys or our own :
Shepherds have been Priests, and Shepherd's have been Kings,
And Shepherds have been Emperors, as my Muse sings,
Which makes me to compare
The worthy Name of Scot,
To Shepherds and to Shepherd's Swain,
For they Flocks and Lands have got,
I would have none think these I call Shepherd Swain,
Is all the Name of Scot, and that there's none but them,
There's fourty eight that I have set apart,
All Landed Gentlemen that live upon their Rent ;
And for the Shepherds Swains, I have dedicate them,
Each one to a Gentleman of that same Name,
All Landed Gentlemen that are Insest and Siez'd,
In five Month in the year they pay the King his Fee,
All besides Burgers in-City and in Town,
That number Heretors of respect and renown.

And

And for the fourty eight that live upon their Rent,
 Unto the Reader I'm minded to relate,
 Because I have not nominate them in fore-time,
 I here rehearse them in my following Rime.

Sir Francis Scot of Mengertoun he hath a good Estate,
 Although he be but young in years, he is Knight-Baronet,
 And John Scot of Sinton he is a pretty man,
 He outstrips in Wisdom any man I ken,
 Headshaw and Burnfoot into the Water of Ale,
 They are both Gentlemen, they dwell in Tiviotdale,
 Chappel's a Gentleman, Lochthirlston's another,
 And Gladswood he's the same old Gallowsheils's Brother,
 The Laird of Langshaw him I have no mind to flee,
 He is a Gentleman, and is of Kin to me,
 The Laird of Lochquharret he lives in good report,
 So likewise doth the Laird of good Hundellshope,
 The Laird of Langhope is a very young man,
 But the Laird of Broad-meadows is both great and strong,
 Into Annandale three Lairds of Scots there be,
 Heuk, Bagra, and the Laird of Gillisbie,
 In Esdail-muir there does two Lairds remain,
 The Laird of Johnstoun and Laird of Devingtoun,
 I'm now for Tiviotdale, if the fates do please,
 And not miss the Laird of the Mirrinies,
 And the Laird of Harwood is a pretty man,
 As is any in the South of them that I do ken,
 The Laird of Glack he may not be omitted,
 He sold the Lands of Gaudilands long ere he got it,
 The Laird of Alton-crafts I know him well enough,
 The last lineal-male-branch that's sprung of Buckcleugh,
 The Laird of Whitoch I do him well know,
 He is representative of the old Family of Headshaw,

The

The Laird of Caudhouse he is but a brood,
He is representative to the old House of Howford,
Three Lairds all Scots I must expriue,
Tandlaw, Gallalaw, and Clarilaw's their name,
The Laird of Bonraw, a very young man,
The representative of the old Family of Sinton,
The Laird of Newton he is a Gentleman of note,
So is the Laird of Alton on Tiviots Burnfoot,
The Laird of Brierie-yard I cannot him refer,
Nor yet the Laird of Winns, nor Laird of Boonchaster,
Scots-Tarbet and Ardross they are Lairds in the North,
But sprung from the loins of Haining in the South;
Bevely and Hallyards I had almost forgot,
They descended from Lawrence Scot Advocat,
The Laird of Carnwathmill he is a Gentleman,
And the representative of the old House of Bonnitoun,
There's another Bonnitoun into West-Lothian,
But I believe he be of Clarkintons kind,
The Laird of Deans-houses he is a Gentleman,
Descended from the House of Gaudilands,
The Laird of Chappel-know I need him not explain,
Through Tiviotdale h'es known a Gentleman,
The Laird of Lies if that ye wou'd him knaw,
He is brother to the Laird of Clarilaw,
The Laird of Clarklands is a Gentleman indeed,
From his youth he has been a Souldier bred,
John Scot a Quarter-master sometime in command,
He married the Heretrix of Clarklands,
Betwixt them two was procreat,
That French Scots Souldier, call'd William Scot:
The Laird of Lethen, and the Laird of Vogrie,
From the South they have their Pedegree.

There's

Here's an hundred and ten Heretors of Credit and Renown, 259
 All Gentlemen, besides Burgesles in Towns,
 And for every one of these fivescore,
 Of the worthy Name of Scot there's above a hundred more,
 Which the number of ten thousand doth exceed,
 In the Forrest and Tiviotdale on the South-side of Tweed,
 All of one Kindred into that Country-side;
 I mean not the spacious Nation long and wide,
 But from one Root these worthy Branches sprang
 Like Jacobs Seed, when they to Egypt came:
 I wish Apollo from great Etas Mountain
 Assist them with his Grace to fulfil their Fountain;
 That Vertue, Love and Grace amongst them ever grow,
 And that their Fountain still may overflow.
 Like Trees in Wood, some great, some small,
 So is our Heretors, yet Gentlemen all;
 There's many moe that to me is not known,
 For never a man to me a single one has shown,
 If I should pick from Burgh or stor,
 Landed Gentlemen of the Name of Scot,
 Although it unto me would be a cumber,
 Yet I could have added fourty to the number,
 An hundred Heretors of one Name,
 The like in Scotland I've not seen.
 When Walter Earl of Buckcleugh he did to Holland wain,
 There went with him a hundred Gentlemen of that Name,
 For besides privat Souldiers these did gang,
 But Friends and Relations to attend his own person,
 If he had been alive in the bygone troublesome time,
 He might have raised a thousand, all of his own Name,
 And never a man been threatned by force,

T

But

But all Voluntiers for Foot and Horse;
My Verse is honest, true, seemly and mild,
My Muse shall wade through dirt, and not be fil'd;
The Sun on loathsome Dunghill shines as well,
As on fair Flowers that hath a fragrant smell;
The Air, by which we live, doth every where
Breathe still al ke, upon the rich and poor;
The Sea bears many an old despised Ship,
Yet on the Sea the best Ship doth but float:
And Earth allows to call his scatter'd brood,
Food, Cloathes, and Lodging. either good or bad;
Yet Sun, Air, Sea and Earth thinks it disgrace,
For any bounty which they give the base;
Even so my Muse free from all foul Intents,
Doth take example from the Elements;
Yet will I not my Sense nor Meaning mar,
With Terms obscure, nor Phrases fetch'd from far,
Or will I any way equivocat,
With Words sophistical or intricat;
Small Eloquence men must expect from me,
My Schollarship will name things as they be;
I may set out this little Book indeed,
Yet cannot Write, and little thing can Read:
And now I fear I have done wrong,
In calling my Friends Shepherds Swain,
So many sorts of Shepherds constantly do grow,
That where there is no Shepherds, it is hard to know;
Cast but your Eyes upon the Man of Rome,
That stiles himself the Head of Christendom,
Christ's universal Vicar and Vicegerent,
In whom Fools thinks the Truth is inherent,
That he can Souls to Heaven or Hell prefer,

And

And being full of Errors cannot err,
 Although his Witchcraft a thousand have imbrac'd,
 Yet he'll be call'd the Lievtenant to Christ,
 Who by that false Conventicle of Trent,
 Made Laws that neither God, nor good Men meant,
 Commanding Worshipping of Stone and Stocks,
 Of Reliques, Dead Mens Bones, and senseless Blocks,
 From which Adultery, painted Adulation,
 Men worse than Stock or Block must seek Salvation.
 Great Julius Cesar was so free and common,
 And call'd a Husband unto ev'ry Woman;
 Proculus Emperor (the Story says)
 Deflow'r'd an hundred Maids in fifteen days:
 If all be true that Poets use to write,
 Hercules lay with fifty in one night;
 When Heliogabulus Romes Scepter sway'd,
 And all the World his lawless Laws obey'd,
 He in his Court caused Stews be made,
 Whereas (*cum privilegio*) Whores did Trade,
 He invited two and twenty of his Friends,
 And kindly to each one a Whore he lends;
 To set Whores free that then in bondage lay,
 A mighty mass of Money he did pay,
 He in one day gave to each Whore in Rome,
 A Ducat, a large and ill bestowed Sum;
 He made Orations unto Whores, and said,
 They were his Souldiers, his Defence and Aid;
 And in his Speech he shew'd his Wits acute,
 Of sundry forms of Bawdry to dispute,
 And after giving unto every Whore,
 For listning to his Tale three Ducats more,
 With Pardon unto all and Liberty,

That would be whores within his Monarchy,
And yearly Pensions he freely gave,
To keep a Regiment of whores most brave;
And oft he had, when he in progress went,
Of Whores, Bawds, Pandresses, such a Rablement,
Six hundred Wagons, as Histories reports,
Attended only on these brave consorts:
This was a Royal Whore-master indeed,
A special benefactor in their need;
But none since Heliogabulus deceast,
I think the World with Whores is so increast,
That if it had an Emperor as mad,
He might have twice so many as he had.
Here I leave Whores and Whore-masters,
Unto the Man of Rome;
And to the worthy Shepherd Swain;
I presently return.

Because I know, and presently maintain,
That he that laboureth to be a worthy Man,
May with a better conscience sleep in Bed,
Then with the Gout and Gravel as I'm speed,
Yet to keep my health from falling to decay,
When I am most tormented, I terrifie,
A thousand times it is more pains than dead,
I'm sure it by antiquity hath stood,
Since the Worlds drowning universal Flood;
Though my Wits be like my Purse, but bare,
With Poets I dare not compare,
Yet to dote Verse, provided that they be,
No better skill'd in Schollar-ship than I,
And then come on as many as you will,
And for a wager, I'll Verse with them still;

My

My self I liken to an untuned Vial,
 For like a Vial I'm in a case,
 And who so of my Fortune makes a tryal,
 Shall like to me be strung and tuned base;
 And treble troubles he shall never want :
 But here's the period of my mischiefs all,
 Though Base and Treble Fortune did me grant,
 And Means, but yet alas it is too scant;
 Yet to make up the Musick, I'll venture a fall,
 To the Tenor in the Carfet Town-hall :
 A Poet rightly may be termed fit,
 An Abstract, or Epitome of Wit,
 Or like a Lute, that other pleasures breed,
 Are sweet and Strong their curious eyes to feed,
 That scornfully distaste it, yet it's known,
 It makes the hearers sport, but it self none:
 A Poet's like a Taper burnt by night,
 That wastes it self in giving others light,
 A Poet's the most fool beneath the skyes,
 He spends his wit in making others wise,
 Who, when they should their thankfulness return,
 They pay him with disdain, contempt and scorn,
 An Independant is like a Poet's Purse ;
 For both do hate the cross, what cross is worse ?
 His holy Hymns, and Psalms for consolation,
 For reprehension, and for contemplation ;
 And finally to show us our salvation,
 The Prophet Amos unto whom the Lord,
 Reveal'd the sacred secrets of his Word,
 God rais'd him from the Sheepfolds to portel ;
 What plagues shall fall in sinful Israel ;
 True Patience Patern Prince of his afflictions

Most mighty tamer of his imperfections,
Whose guard was God, whose guid's the Holy Ghost,
Blest in his VVealth, of whom Sheep was the most;
Ju't Job's last riches doubled was again,
Who liv'd belov'd of God, admir'd of men:
The first of happy tydings on the Earth,
Of our all only blessed Saviour's birth;
The glorious Angels to the Shepherds told,
As Luke the Evangelist doth unfold,
And should my Verse a little but decline,
To humane Stories, and leave Divine;
There are some mighty Princes I can name,
VVhose breeding at the first from Shepherds came;
Romes founder Romulus was bred and fed
'Mongst Shepherds, where his youthful dayes he led;
The Persian Monarch Cyrus he did pass,
His youth with Shepherds, and a Shepherd was,
The terror of the World, that famous man,
Who conquer'd Kings, and over Kingdoms ran;
His stile was, as some Histories do repeat,
The Schythian Shepherd, Tammerlane the Great,
'Tis such a title of preheminance,
Of Reverence, and such high Magnificence;
That David who so well his words did frame,
Did call our Great Creator by that Name;
Our blest Redeemer, God's Eternal Son,
VVhose only Merits our Salvation won,
He did the harmless Name of Shepherd take.
Apollo Father of the Sisters nyne,
I crave thee, and inspire this Muse of mine,
Thou that thy golden Glory didst lay by,
As Ovid doth relate most wittily,

And

And in a Shepherds ſhape didſt deſign to keep,
 Thy loves beloved Adamus Sheep,
 And rural Pan thy help I do intreat,
 That to the life thy praife I may repeat;
 Of the contented life, and mighty Stocke;
 Are happy Shepherds, and their harmleſs Flocks;
 But better thoughts my errours do controul,
 For an offence moſt negligent and foul,
 In this involving like an heathen man;
 Help helpleſs from Apollo, or from Pan;
 When as the ſubject which I have in hand,
 Is almoſt infinit, as ſtars, or ſand,
 Grae'd with antiquity upon record,
 In the eternal never failing Word;
 There 'tis ingraven, true and manifeſt,
 That Sheep and Shepherds were both beſt and beſt,
 I therefore invocat his gracious aid,
 Of him whoſe mighty hand hath all things made;
 I Iſraels great Shepherd humbly crave,
 That his aſſur'd aſſiſtance I may have;
 That my unlearn'd Muſe no Verſe compile,
 Which may be impious, prophane or vile,
 And though through ignorance or negligence,
 My poore intention fall into offence,
 I do implore that boundleſs grace of his,
 Not ſtrictly to regard what is amiſs;
 But unto me belongeth all the blame,
 And all the glory be unto His Name;
 Yet as my Book is Verſe, ſome men may know,
 I might ſome Fictions and Alluſions ſhow:
 Some ſhreds or remnants, reliques, or ſome ſcrapes,
 The Muſes may inſpire me with perhaps,

VVhich

Which taken literally, as't lyes may seem,
And so mis-understanding may misdeem.
Of Sheep therefore before to work I fall,
To show the Shepherds first original;
These that the best records will read and mark,
Shall find just Abel was a Patriarch,
Our Father Adams second Son a Prince;
As great as any man begotten since,
And in his function he a Shepherd was;
And so his mortal pilgrimage did pass;
And in the Sacred Text it is compil'd,
That he that's Father of the Faithful stil'd,
Did as a Shepherd live upon th'increase
Of sheep, untill his dayes on earth did cease;
And in these times it was apparent then,
Abram and Abel both were Noble-men;
The one obtain'd the title righteously,
For his unfeigned serving the most High,
He first did offer Sheep, which on record,
Was Sacrifice accepted of the Lord;
He was before the Infant World was ripe,
The Churches Figure, and our Saviour's Type;
A murdered Martyr, who, for serving God,
Did first of all feel Persecutions Rod,
And Abram was in account so great,
Abimelech his friendship did intreat,
Faiths Patern, and obedience Sample he,
Like Stars, or Sand, was in prosperity,
In him the Nations of the Earth were blest,
And now his Bosom figures heavenly rest;
His Sheep almost past numbring multiplied,
And when as he thought Isaac should have died,

Then

Then by the Almighty's Mercies; Love and Grace,
 A sheep from out the Bush supplied the place;
 Lot was a Shepherd, Abrams Brother Son,
 And such great favour from his God he won;
 That Sodom could not be consum'd with fire,
 Till he and his did out of it retire;
 They felt no vengeance for their soul offence,
 Till righteous Lot was quite departed hence;
 And Jacob, as the Holy Ghost doth tell,
 Who afterward was called Israel,
 Who wrestled with his God, and to his Fame
 Obtain'd a Name, and Blessing for the same;
 He under Laban was a Shepherd long,
 And suffer'd from him much ingrateful wrong;
 For Rachel and Leah he did bear,
 The yoke of servitude full twenty year:
 He was a Patriarch, a Prince of might,
 Whose wealth in Sheep was almost infinite;
 His twice six Sons, as holy Writ describes,
 Who were the famous Fathers of twelve Tribes,
 Were for the most part Shepherds, and such men,
 Whose like the World shall ne're contain again:
 Young Joseph 'mongst the rest especially,
 A constant mirror of true chastity,
 Who was in his afflictions of behaviour,
 A mortal Type of his immortal Saviour,
 And truth his Mother Rachel doth express,
 To be her Father Labans Shepherdess.
 Meek Moses whom the Lord of Hosts did call,
 To lead his People out of Ægypt's thrall,
 Whose power was so much as none before,
 Or since his time hath any mans been more,

Within the Sacred Text it plainly appears,
That he was Jethroes Shepherd twenty years.
Heroick David, Jesses youngest Son,
Whose Acts immortal memory hath won,
Whose valiant vigour did in pieces tear
A furious Lyon, and a ravenous Bear,
Who arm'd with faith, and fortitude alone,
Slew great Goliath with a slinging stone;
Whose Victories the People sang most plain,
Saul hath a thousand, he ten thousand slain,
He from the Sheep-fold came to be a King,
Whose Fame for ever through the VVorld shall ring;
He was another Type of that mo't High,
That was, and is, and evermore shall be,
For our protection and his mercies sake,
Those that will read the sacred Text, and look
With diligence throughout that heavenly Book,
Shall find the Ministers have Epithets,
And named Angels, Stewards, VVatch-men, Lights,
All Builders, Husband-men, and Stars that shine,
Inflamed with the Light that is Divine,
And with these Names within that Book compil'd,
They with the stile of Shepherds are inskil'd;
Thus God the Seer and Son the Scriptures call,
Both Shepherds Mystical and Literal;
And by similitudes comparing, do
All Kings and Church-men bear that title too.
Wise and unscruteable, Omniscient,
Eternal, Gracious and Omnipotent,
In love, in justice, mercy, and in might,
In honour, power, and glory Infinite,
In works, in words, in every attribute;

Almighty;

Almighty, All commanding, Absolute,
 For whoſo notes the Letters of the Name,
 Jehovah ſhall perceive within the ſame,
 The vowels of all tongues included be,
 So hath no name, that e're was named but He.
 And I have heard ſome Scholars make relation,
 That H, is but a breathing aſpiration,
 A Letter that may be left out and ſpared,
 Whereby is clearly to our ſight declared,
 That great Jehovah may be written true,
 With only vowels, a, e, i, o, u;
 And that there is no word but this,
 That hath them alone, but only this,
 So that the Heaven, with all the mighty hoſt,
 Of Creatures there, Earth, Sea, or any Coaſt,
 Or Climat, any Fiſh, or Fowl, or Beaſt,
 Or any of his VWorks, the moſt and leaſt,
 Or thoughts, or words, or writing with the pen,
 Or deeds that are accompliſhed by men;
 But have ſome of theſe Letters in them all,
 And God alone hath all in general:
 By which we ſee according to his will,
 He is in all things, and does all things fill;
 And all things ſaid or done he hath ordain'd,
 Some part of his great Name's therein contain'd,
 All future, preſent, and all paſt things, ſeing,
 In Him we live, and move, and have our beings;
 Almighty, All, and all in every where,
 Eternal, in whom change cannot appear;
 Immortal, who made all things mortal elſe,
 Omnipotent, whoſe Power all power excels,
 United three in one, and one in three,

Jehovah, unto whom all glory be.

Besides the learned Poets of all times,
Have chanted out their Praises in pleasant Rhimes;
The harmless lives of rural Shepherd Swains,
And beauteous Shepherdesses on the Plains,
In Odes, in Roundelays, and Madrigals,
In Sonnets, and in well penn'd Post'als,
They have recorded most delightfully,
Their Loves, their Fortunes and Felicity,
And sure it in this low terrestrial round,
Plain honest Happiness is to be found,
It with the Shepherds is remaining still,
Because they have least power to do ill;
And whilst they on their Feeding flocks attends,
They have the least occasions to offend,
Ambition, Pomp, and Hell-begotten Pride,
And damned Adulation they deride,
The complemental flattery of Kings Courts,
Is never intermix'd amidst their sports,
They seldom envy at each others state,
Their love and fear is Gods, the Devil's their hate;
In weighty Business they not mar, or make,
And cursed Bribes they neither give nor take,
They are not guilty as some great men are,
To un to their Merchant and Embroiderer;
Nor is't a Shepherds Trade by night or day,
To swear themselves, and never pay,
He's no State-plotting Marchivilian,
Or Project-Monger Monopolitan,
He hath no Tricks or Wiles to circumvent,
Nor fears he when there comes a Parliamtnt,
He never wears Cap, nor bends his Knee,

To feed Contention with an Advocats Fee,
 He wants the Art to Cog, Cheat, Swear and lye;
 Nor fears the Gallows, nor the Pillory;
 Nor cares he if great men be Fools or Wise;
 If Honour fall, and base dishonour rise;
 Let Fortunes mounted Minions sink or swim,
 He never breaks his Brains, all's one to him:
 He's free from feallful Curses of the Poore,
 And lives and dies content with less or more;
 He doth not waste the time as many use,
 His good Creators creatures to abuse;
 In drinking such ungodly Healths to some,
 The veriest Canker-worms of Christendome;
 My Lord Ambition, and my Lady Pride,
 Shall with his quaffing not be magnified;
 Nor for their sikes will he carouse and feast,
 Until from Man he turn worse than a Beast;
 Whereby he 'scapes vain Oaths and Blasphemy,
 And Surfeits Fruits of drunken Gluttony;
 He 'scapes occasion unto Lusts pretence,
 And so escapes the Pox by consequence;
 Thus doth he hate the Parator and Proflor,
 The Apothecary, Chirurgeon and Doctor,
 Whereby he this Prerogative may have,
 To hold while he be laid into his Grave;
 Whilst many that his betters far have been,
 Will very hardly hold the laying in;
 Crook, Blanket, Jerkin, Tarrivertike, call'd Crouse,
 Shall breed no Jars into the Parliament House.
 Thus Shepherds live, and thus they end their lives,
 Adorn'd and Grac'd with these Prerogatives;
 And when he dies, he leaves no wrangling Heirs,

To

To Law, till all be spent, and nothing theirs;
Peace and Tranquillity was all his life,
And dead, his Goods shall breed no cause of strife;
Thus Shepherds have no Places, Means or Times,
To fall into these Hell-deserving Crimes,
Which Courtiers, Lawyers, Tradesmen, men of Arms
Commit unto their Souls and Bodies harms.

And from the Shepherds now I turn my Stile,
To sundry sort of Sheep another while;
The Lambs that in the Jews Passover died,
Were Figures of the Lamb that's crucified;
And Esay doth compare our heavenly Food
To a Sheep, which dumb before the Shearer stood,
Whose death and merits did this title win,
The Lamb of God, which freed the World from sin;
The Anagram of Lamb is blame and blame,
And Christ the Lamb upon him took our blame,
His precious Blood God's heavy Wrath did calm,
'Twas the only balme for sin to cure the same;
All Power and Praise and Glory be therefore
Ascribed to the Lamb for evermore:
And in the fourscore Psalm we read,
That like a Sheep our God doth Joseph lead;
Again of us he such account doth keep,
That of his Pasture we are called Sheep,
And every day we do confess almost,
That we have err'd and stray'd like Sheep that's lost;
Our Saviour that hath bought our Souls so dear,
Hath said, his Sheep his Voice will only hear,
And thrice did Christ unto St. Peter call,
In which he spake to his Disciples all,
If ye do love me, feed my Sheep (quoth he)

And

And feed my Lambs, if ye love me;
 Moreover, in the final Judgment day,
 There is the right-hand, and the left-hand way;
 VWhereas the Sheep he to himself doth gather,
 VWith ſaying, come, ye bleſſed of my Father, &c.
 And to the Goats in his conſuming ire,
 He bids depart to everlaſting fire.
 Thus our Redeemer and his whole Elect,
 The name of Sheep had ever in reſpect,
 And the Compariſon holds reference,
 To profite, and to harmleſs innocence,
 For of all Beaſts that ever were or are,
 None can for goodneſs with a Sheep compare,
 Indeed for Bone and Burden I muſt grant,
 He's much inferiour to the Elephant,
 The Dromadary, Camel, Horſe, and Aſs,
 For Load Carriage doth a Sheep ſurpaſs,
 Strong Taurus, Eunuchs ſon, the labouring Ox,
 The ſtately Staig, the bobtail'd crafty Fox;
 Theſe and all ravenous Beaſts of Prey muſt yield,
 Unto the Sheep the honour of the Field;
 I could recount the names of many more,
 The Lyon, Unicorn, the Bear, and Boar,
 The VVolf, the Tyger, the Renocerat,
 The Leopard, and a number more I wot;
 But all theſe greedy Beaſts great Ovid's Pen,
 Calls metamorphoſ'd into Men:
 For Beaſt to Beaſt afford more Conſcience can,
 And much leſs Cruelty than Man to Man;
 I'll therefore let ſuch Beaſts be as they be,
 For fear they kick and ſnarl at me.
 Unto the Sheep again my Muſe doth flee,

For honest Safety and Commodity,
 He with his Flesh and Fleece doth cleave and freed,
 All Languages and Nations, good and bad,
 What can it more than die, that we may live,
 And ev'ry year to us a Livery give?
 'Tis such a Bounty, and the Charge so deep,
 That nothing can defray the Charge but Sheep;
 For should the World want Sheep, but five whole year,
 Ten thousand Millions would want Cloaths to wear:
 And wer't not for the Flesh of this kind Beast,
 The World might Fast when it doth often Feast;
 There's nothing doth unto a Sheep pertain,
 But 'tis for Mans Commodity and Gain,
 For Men to Men so much untrusty are,
 To lie, to couzin, to forswear and swear,
 That Oaths, and passing Words and joyning hands,
 Is like Assurance written in the Sands,
 To make Men keep their Words, and in end this
 The silly Sheeps-skin turned to Parchment is;
 There's many a wealthy man whose whole Estate,
 Lyes more in Parchment than in Coyn or Plate,
 Indentures, Leases, Evidences, Wills,
 Bonds, Contracts, Records, Obligations, Bills,
 With these, although the Sheep-skin be but weak,
 It binds men strongly that they dare not break;
 But if a man eats Spiders how and then,
 The Oyl of Parchment cures him oft again,
 And what rare Stuffs which in the World are found,
 Can be in value like to Parchment nam'd?
 The richest Cloath of Gold that can be found,
 A Yard of it was ne're worth five hundred pound,
 And I have seen two Foot of Sheep-skin dress'd,
 Which

Which hath been worth ten thousand pound at least ;
 A piece of Parchment well with Ink laid over,
 Helps many Gallant to a starving power,
 Into the Merchant it some Faith doth strick,
 It gives the Silkman hope of no dislike,
 The Taylor it with charity assails,
 It thrusts him last betwixt his Bill and Vails,
 And by these means a piece of Parchment can,
 Patch up and make a Gull a Gentleman,
 The nature of it very strange I find,
 It's much like Physick, it can loose and bind,
 It's one mans freedom and anothers loss,
 And like the Pope it doth both bind and loose,
 And as the Ram and Ew doth fructifie,
 And ev'ry year a Lamb doth multiply,
 So doth a Sheep-skin bound make Money breed,
 And procreat, as Seed doth spring from Seed.

Thus is a Sheep-skin prov'd the only ty,
 And stay whereon a world of men rely,
 Which holds a crew of Earth-worms in more aw,
 Than both the Tables of the sacred Law :
 Past number I could Functions name,
 Who as it's Parchment live upon the same ;
 But it's sufficient this small homely touch,
 Should more be writ, my Book would swell too much.
 Now for the Ram, the Ew, the Lamb, and Weather,
 I'll touch their Skins as they are touch'd to Leather,
 And made in Pursses, Pouches, Laces, Strings,
 Gloves, Points, Books, Covers, and ten thousand things;
 And many Tradesmen live and thrive thereby,
 Which if I would I more could amplify,
 Their Guts serve Instruments which sweetly sound,

Their dung is best to make most fruitful Ground,
 Their Hoofs burnt will most venomous Serpents kill,
 Their grated Horns are good for Poyson still,
 Their Milk makes Cheefe that has no fellow,
 The best that's made in Etrick or, in Yarow,
 Their Feet for the Healthy or the Sick,
 Drest as they should be, are good Meat to pick;
 The Cook and Butcher with the Joynts do gain,
 And poor Folks eat the Gedder, Head and Brain,
 And though all wise-mens Judgments will allow,
 A Sheep to be much lesser than a Cow.
 Now for the honour of the valiant Ram,
 If I were learn'd more treble than I am,
 Yet could I not sufficiently expresse,
 His wondrous worth and excellent worthiness,
 For by Astronomers it is verified,
 How that the Ram in Heaven is stylified,
 And of the twelve is plac'd Head Sign of all,
 Where Sols keep first his Equinoctial,
 For having with the Bull drunk Aprils Showers,
 And with the Twins doth deck the Earth with Flowers,
 And scorcht the Crab in June with burning Beams,
 Made Julys Lyon chaff with fiery Gleams,
 In August solace to the Virgin given,
 With Ballance in September made time even,
 October Scorpion with declining course,
 And passing by Decembers Archers force,
 Then having past Novembers frozen gate,
 He next to Janus watry Sign doth float,
 He to the Lentil Sign in February,
 And so bright Phœbus ends his years Figure;
 Then to the Ram in March in his Carrier,

He,

He mounts, on which this Sonnet's written here;
 Now chearful Sol in his illustrious Car,
 To glade the Earth his Journey 'gins to take,
 And now his glorious Beams he doth unbar,
 Whiles absence marr'd, his presence now doth make,
 Now he Earths weeping 'gins to dry,
 With Eolus breath and his bright Heavenly heat,
 March-Dust like Clouds through Air doth march and fly,
 And seeming Trees, and Plants now life doth get;
 Thus when the Worlds Eye-dazler takes his time,
 At the Celestial Ram then Winter's done,
 And then Dame Nature doth her Livery spin,
 Of Flowers and Fruits, which all the Earth puts on;
 Thus when Apollo doth to Aries come,
 The Earth is freed from Winters Martyrdom.
 Thus have I prov'd the Ram a lucky Sign,
 Wherein Sun, Earth, and Heaven, and Air combine,
 To have their universal Comfort harl'd,
 Upon the time of our decaying World;
 With twelve Signs each mans body is govern'd,
 And Aries of the Ram doth rule the Head;
 Then are the Judgments foolish, fond and base,
 That take the name of Ram-head in disgrace,
 'Tis honour for the Head to have the name,
 Derived from the Ram that rules the same;
 And that the Ram doth rule the Head I know,
 For ev'ry Almanack the same doth show.

From whence such men may gather this relief,
 That though a Ram-head may be cause of grief,
 Yet Nature hath this remedy found out,
 They should have Lyons hearts to bear it out,
 And to defend and keep the Head from harm,

The Anagram of Ram I find is arm;
Thus is a Ramhead arm'd against all fear;
He needs no Helmet, nor no Head-piece wear;
To speak more in the plural number Rams,
It yeelds significk war like Anagrams;
The Ram is Mars, Mars is the god of War;
And Ram is armes, armes wars munitions are,
And from the fierce encounters which they make,
Our tilts and turneys did beginning take;
For as the Rams retire, and meet with rage,
So men do in their warlike equipage;
And long ere powder from hel's damn'd den,
Was monstrosly produced to murther men,
The Ram, an Engine call'd a Ram did teach,
To batter down a Wall, or make a Breach,
And now some places of defence 'gainst shor,
Have from the Ram the name of Rampiers got;
First warlike Trumpets that I e're heard nam'd,
At Jericho were all of Ram-horns fram'd,
For at the Ram-horns Trumpets fearful blast,
Their curled Walls were suddenly down cast.
Thus is the Ram with many vertues stor'd,
And was in Ægypt for a god ador'd;
And like a Captain he the Flock doth lead,
As fits their General, their Prince and Head.
Thus have I prov'd a Sheep a Beast of price,
Clean and reputed fit for Sacrifice;
And sleeping, waking, early, or else late,
It still doth chew the cud and ruminat:
Of all beasts in the Worlds circumference,
For meekness, profit, and for innocence,
I have approv'd a Sheep most excellent,

That

That with least cost doth give most content;
 There's such instinct of nature in the Lamb,
 By bleating it amongst thousands knows the Dame,
 For which the name of agnoscendo knowing,
 Is given to a Lamb it's knowledge showing.
 And now from solid prose I will abstain,
 To pleasant Poetry, and Mirth again,
 The Fables of the Golden Fleece began,
 Because Sheep Wool yields store of gold to men;
 For he that hath great store of Woolly Fleeces,
 May when he please have store of Golden Pieces:
 Thus many a poor man dieing hath left a Son,
 That hath transform'd the Fleece to Gold like Jason.
 And here's a Mystery profound and deep,
 There's sundry sorts of Mutton are no Sheep,
 Lac'd Mutton which let out themselves to hyre,
 Like hackneys whill be fir'd before they tyre,
 The man or men which for such Mutton hunger,
 Are by their Corporations Mutton-mongers,
 Which is a Brother-hood too large and great,
 That if they had a Hall, I would entreat,
 To be their Clerk, or keeper of accounts,
 To shew them unto what their Charge amounts.
 My brain in numbring then would grow so quick,
 I should be Master of Arithmetick,
 All States, Degrees, and Trades, both bad and good,
 Afford some Members of this Brother-hood;
 Great therefore then must be their multitude,
 When every man may to the Trade intrude.
 It is no freedom, yet these men are free;
 No savers, but most liberal spenders be;
 For this is one thing that doth them bewitch,

That

That by their Trading they wax seldom rich,
The value of this Mutton so set forth,
The Flesh doth cost more than the Broth is worth;
They all are Ews, yet are exceeding Ramish,
And will be dainty fed, who ever famish,
Nor are they marked for any man, or no man,
As mine, or thine, but every man is common,
Fine Heads, and Necks, and Breasts they yield some store,
But scarcely one good Liver in ninescore;
The Liver being bad, it's understood,
The Veins are fill'd with putrified blood,
Which makes them subject to the scab, and then
They prove most dangerous dyets unto men;
And then the Proverb proves not ly or mock,
One scabed Sheep's enough to spoil a Flock;
But yet for all this there's many a Gull,
Loves Mutton well, dips not his bread i'th' wool;
And were a man put to his choice to keep,
'Tis said a Shrew is better nor a Sheep;
But if a man be yoked with such an Ewe,
She may be both a Scabbed Sheep, and Shrew,
And he that is so matcht, his life may well,
Be compared unto an earthly hell;
But of my Theam which I wrot of before,
I at this Mutton must have one cut more;
These kind of Sheep have all the World o'regrown,
And seldom do wear Fleeces of their own;
For they from sundry men their pellets can pull,
Whereby they keep themselves as warm as wool;
Besides in Colours, and in Shapes they wear,
Quite from all profitable Sheep contrair;
White, black, green, tawny, purple, red, and blew,

Beyond

Beyond the Rain-bow, for the change of hew ;
 Came soon like an alteration,
 But that bare air they cannot live upon,
 The Moons mutation not more manifold,
 Silk, Velvet, Tissue, Cloath, and Cloath of Gold.
 These are the Sheep that Golden-Fleeces wear,
 Who rob themselves with others VVool or Hair,
 And it may be 'twas such a Beast and Fleece,
 Which Jafon brought from Colchos into Greece,
 Were it no more but so I dare be bold,
 To think the Land doth many Jafons hold,
 Who never durst to pass a dangerous wave ;
 Yet may with ease such Golden Fleeces have.
 Too much of one thing is good for nothing, they say,
 I'll therefore take this needles dish away ;
 For should I too much of Lac'd Mutton write,
 I may ov'rcome my readers stomach quite.
 Once more unto the good Sheep I'll retire,
 And so my Book shall to it's end expire ;
 Although it be not found in antient writers,
 I find all Mutton-eaters are Sheep-biters ;
 And in some places, I have heard and seen,
 That Curriish Sheep-biters they have hanged been ;
 If any kind of Tyke should snarle or whinne,
 Or bite or worry this poor Sheep of mine,
 Why ? Let them bark, or bite, and spend their breath,
 I'll never wish them a Sheep-biters death ;
 My Sheep should have them know their innocence,
 Shall live in spight of their malevolence ;
 I wish them keep themselves, and me from pain,
 And bite such Sheep, as cannot bite again,
 For if they snap at mine, I have a tongue,

That

That like a trusty Dog shall bite again:
And in conclusion, this I humbly crave,
That every one the honestly may have,
That when our frail mortality is past,
We may be the good Shepherd's Sheep at last.
When all things were as wrapt in fable night,
And Ebeon'd darkness muffled up the night,
When neither Sun, nor Moon, nor Stars had shin'd
And when no fire, no water, earth nor wind,
No harvest, autumn, winter, nor no spring,
No bird, beast, fish, nor any creeping thing,
When there was neither time, nor place, nor space,
And silence did the Chaos round embrace;
Then did the Arch-work-master of us all,
Creat this massie universal Ball,
And with his mighty word brought all to pass,
Saying but let there be, and done it was,
Let there be day, night, water, earth, herbs, trees,
Let there be sun, moon, stars, fish, fowl that flies,
Beast of the field; he said, let there be,
All things were created, as we may see,
Thus every sensible and senseless thing,
The high Creators VVord to pass did bring;
And as in viewing of his Works he stood,
He said that all things were exceeding good:
Thus having finish'd Seas, and Earth, and Skyes,
Abundantly with all Varieties,
Like a magnificent and sumptuous Feast,
To th' intertainment of some welcome Guest,
When Beasts, and Birds, and every living Creature,
And the Earths fruits did multiply by Nature;
Then did the Eternal Trinity betake,

It self to council, and said, let us make,
 Not let there be, as unto all things else;
 But let us make man that the rest excells,
 According to our Image let us make,
 Man, and then the Almighty red earth did take,
 With which he formed Adam every Limb,
 And having made him, breathed life in him.
 Lo thus the first man never was a Child,
 No way with sin original defil'd;
 But with high Super-natural understanding,
 He over all the Word had sole commanding;
 Yet though to him the Regency was given
 As Earths Leivetennant to the God of Heaven,
 Though he commanded all created things;
 As Deputy under the King of kings,
 Though he so highly here was dignified,
 To humble him; not to be puffed with pride;
 He could not brag nor boast of high born birth;
 For he was formed out of slime and earth;
 No beast, fish, worm, fowl, herb, wood, stone, tree,
 But are of a more antient house than he;
 For they were made before him, which prove this,
 That their Antiquity is more than his;
 Thus both himself, and his beloved Spouse;
 Are by creation of the younger house;
 And whilst they liv'd in perfect holiness,
 Their richest Garments were bare Nakedness,
 True Innocence were their chiefest Weeds;
 For Righteousness no Mask or Vizard needs;
 The Royalist Robes that our first Parents had,
 Was a free Conscience with uprightness clad;
 They needed not to shift, the Cloaths they wore

Was Nakedness, and they desir'd no more,
Until at last, that Hell-polluting Sin,
With Disobedience sold their Soul within,
And having lost their Holiest perfection;
They held their nakedness in imperfection;
Then being both asham'd, they both did frame,
Garments as Weeds of their deserved shame:
Thus when as sin had brought Gods curse on Man,
Then shame to make Apparel first began;
E're men had said most plain it does appear,
He neither did, nor needed cause mentwear;
For his Apparel did at first begin,
To be the Robs of penance for his Sin;
Thus all the brood of Adam, and of Eve,
The true use of Apparel may perceive;
That they are Liveries, Badges unto all,
Of our Sins, and our Parents woful fall;
Then more than mad the Mad-brain'd people be,
Or else they see, and will not seem to see,
The same Robs of Pride that makes them swell,
Are tokens that our best deserts are Hell,
Much like unto a Traitor to his King,
Which would his Countrey into destruction bring,
Whose treacheries being prov'd apparently,
He by the Law is justly judg'd to die;
And when the Books for his deserved Death,
A Pardon comes, and gives him longer Breath,
I think this man most madly would appear,
That would a Halter in a Glory wear,
Of Life to be quite dis-inherited;
But if he should vain gloriously persist,
To make a Rop of Silk, or Golden Twist,

And

And wear, it's a more honourable show
 Of his Rebellion than course Hemp, or Tow;
 Might not men justly say, he were an Ass,
 Triumphant that he once a Villan was,
 And that wears an halter for the nonce,
 In pride that he deserv'd a hanging once.
 Such with our Heavenly Father is the case,
 Of our first Parents, and their fruitful Race,
 Apparel is the miserable Sign,
 That we are Traitors to our Lord Divine;
 And we like Rebels still most pride do take,
 In that which still most humble should us make,
 Apparel is the Prison for our Sin,
 Which most should shame, yet most we glory in,
 Apparel is the sheet of shame as it were;
 For man apparel never did receive;
 Till he Eternal Death deserv'd to have:
 How vain is it for Man, a clod of Earth,
 To boast of his Progeny or Birth,
 Because perhaps his Ancestors were good,
 And sprung from Royal, or from Noble Blood,
 Where Vertues worth did in their minds inherit,
 They enjoy'd their Honour by Desert and Merit,
 Great Alexander, King of Macedon,
 Disclaim'd to be his Father Philips Son,
 But he from Jupiter would be descended,
 And as a god be honour'd and attended;
 Yet when at Babylon he prov'd but a Man,
 His god-head ended foolish as't began;
 There was in Cicily a proud Physician,
 Menecrates, and he through high ambition;
 To be a god himself would needs prefer,

And would forsooth be deemed Jupiter;
King Dionysius making a great Feast,
The Fool god disguis'd to be a great Beast,
Who by himself was at a Table plac'd,
Because as god he should the more be grac'd;
The other Guests themselves did feed and fill,
He at an empty table still sat still;
At last with humble low Sir Reverence,
A fellow came with fire and frankincense;
And offered to his god-ship, saying then,
Perfumes were fit for gods, and meat for men;
The god in anger raise incontinent,
Who laughed, and in hunger homeward went.
The Roman Emperor Domitian
Would be a god, was murdered by a man.
Calligola would be a god of wonders,
And counterfit the Lightning and the thunders,
Yet every real heavenly thunder crack,
This cateif in such fear and terrour strake,
That he would quake, and shake, and hide his head,
In any hole, or underneath his bed;
And when this godless god had many slain,
A Preband dash'd out his ungodly brain:
And thus the Almighty still against pride doth frown,
And casts ambition head-long tumbling down.
Great Pompey would be all the Worlds Superior,
And Cesar unto none would be Inferior;
But as they both did live ambitiously,
So both of them untimely deaths did die:
The one in Ægypt had his final fall,
The other murdered in the Capital.
A number more examples are beside,

Which

Which shows the miserable fall of Pride;
For Pride of State, Birth, Wisdom, Beauty, Strength,
And Pride in any thing will fall at length;
But to be proud of Garments that we wear,
Is the most foolish Pride a Heart can bear:
Know that of thine own thou doth possess,
Nothing but Sin and woful Wretchedness,
A Christian's Pride should only be in this,
When he can say, that God his Father is;
When Grace and Mercy well apply'd afford,
To make him Brother unto Christ his Lord;
When he unto the Holy Ghost can say,
Thou art my School-master whom I will obey.
When he can call the Saints his Fellows, and
Say to the Angels for my Guard you stand;
This is a laudable and Christian-Pride,
To know Christ, and to know him Crucified:
This is that meek Ambition, low Aspiring,
Which all Men should be earnest in desiring;
Thus to be proudly Humble is the thing,
Which will us to the state of Glory bring;
But yet beware of Pride Hypocritical,
For Pride in every thing will have a fall,
A lofty Mind with lowly Cap on Knee,
Is humble Pride and meek Hypocrisie,
As a great Ship ill suited with small sail,
A Judas mean'd all Mischief, cry'd all hail,
Like the Humility of Absalom,
That sort of Pride much Dangers waits upon;
They are the counterfeit, God save you, Sirs,
That have their Flatteries in particulars,
That courteously can hide their proud Intent;

Under

Under varieties of Complements;
 These Vipers bend the Knee, and kiss the Hand,
 And swear, sweet Sir, I am at your Command;
 And proudly make Humility a Screw,
 To wring themselves into Opinions view:
 Thus Pride is hateful, dangerous and vile,
 And shall it self at last it self beguile:
 Thus Pride is deadly Sin, and Sin brings Shame,
 VWhich here I leave to Hell from whence it came!

SInce the Water of Ail Scots they are all chang'd and gone,
 Except brave Whitblade and Hardin,
 And Satchels his Estate is gone,
 Except his poor Designation,
 VWhich never no Man shall possess,
 Except a Scot design'd Satchels.

Therefore be gone my Book, stretch forth thy VVings and fly,
 Amongst the Nobles and Gentility:
 Thour't not to sell to Scavengers and Clowns,
 But given to worthy persons of Renown.
 The Number's few I've printed, in regard
 My Charges have been great, and I hope Reward;
 I caus'd not print many above twelve-score,
 And the Printers are engag'd that they shall print no more.

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